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THE CHURCH AROUND THE CORNER.

WRITTEN FOR THE NEW YORK CLIPPER,
BY EDGAR L. WAKEMAN.

Dedicated to Joseph Jefferson, whose memorable reply on the occasion of the Rev. Dr. Sabine refusing to perform the funeral services over the body of the esteemed actor, Holland, spoke such a fitting rebuke to the pharisaic assumptions of modern aristocratic christianity.

"All honor to the little church—
The church around the corner!"
Where God removes the curse of *caste*
To meet the saint or mourner.

Whose hand shall bar, or voice deny,
A holy ministration?
When Christ's calm lips, upon the mount,
Breathed mercy and salvation.

The broad, grand creed, our Saviour built
For every living creature,
Requires no forms elaborate,
Supplants this august feature.

O, God! we yearn the promised time,
Advent of state eternal,
When humble duty shall obtain
To equity supernal.

Till then, O, bless the "little church,"
And little, common duties,
The golden fruitage of true faith
Evolving heav'nly beauties.

And every honest, working heart,
Though heart bowed down, or mourner,
Thank God for every "little church,"
Though "church around the corner!"

CHICAGO, Jan. 18, 1871.

TOM BLIGHT THE GROOM;
OR,
THE MYSTERY OF DOSMERRY POOL.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "THE TEMPTED SISTERS," &C.

CHAPTER XXIX.

"Give me your hand, you are now within a foot
Of the extreme verge—for all beneath the moon
I would not leap upright." —SHAKESPEARE.

Rose looked puzzled and terrified and the stranger went on:—

"They wont return here, but it will be some time before they make their attempt at Lord Galton's; we must stop them."

"We?"

"Yes, you must come with me, child; ah, you need not look at the door, you are doubly barred in—even if it were unbolted your feeble strength could not push it open, there's plenty against it. I will take you away."

"How?"

"Are you afraid?"

"Yes," said Rose, glancing timidly at the window. "You cannot take me out there."

"I'm going to try; look here, little one, I love you as I love my own life, for you are my child—my very, very own. Don't look so frightened, child—you believe me, don't you?"

"I don't know. I have been told I was not their child, but I don't remember."

"Of course not, how should you? but it is the truth. Where do you think you got your fair face and loving blue eyes from. Are they Tom Barton's, or that hideous hag he calls his wife?"

A question Rose had often asked herself and puzzled her little head over without result.

"Look here, child," he said, dragging her to the battered old looking glass which still hung upon a nail, and putting their faces close together—"Where did your eyes come from, but from me? you are more like your mother, my girl, but you've something of me. Not the worst part of me, thank heaven."

"But who is my mother? Where is she?" asked Rose, half frightened, though she felt he was speaking the truth.

He took both her hands and looked steadily in her pale face, with the eyes which, in good truth, were so like her own, and a strange spasm passed over his features.

"I'm going to take you back to the house you came from," he said. "Ask my lady, the countess, where your mother is, she will tell you. Tell her that I who sent her yonder trinket by you, claim you for my child, and bid you ask her where is your mother?"

"But if she won't believe me?"

He took up her right hand and laid in his own.

"Show her this finger," he replied. "Tell her that Heaven has set this mark upon you that your mother may claim you (as she will), in her own good time. Now you are afraid to trust yourself with me?"

"No; they can only kill me if they find me here when they come back; I would rather die with you."

"It shall not come to dying, dear, or I shall begin to doubt Heaven's justice; if we fall it will be death to both, but my arms are strong and the rope is trustworthy."

He showed it to her, all knotted at intervals, and another piece round his waist with two loops depending from it.

"Those are for your feet, my dear," he said, "I must strap you to my back, and I put on my harness before I came out, you see."

Rose felt dreadfully frightened as she looked at the long rope disappearing in the darkness, and at a stout leather strap which he produced from his pocket.

"You'd better let me blindfold you," he said; "you won't feel so frightened then. You mustn't look at the rope; it's quite safe. It won't come down unless one of the girders of the bridge there gives way and I think it will bear our weight. Come!"

She suffered him to tie a handkerchief over her eyes, her heart beating with sick terror; then he bade her stand on a box, the only article of furniture in the room and put her hands upon his shoulders. Then he strapped her to him with the leather strap and finally adjusted her feet in the rope stirrups.

"Poor little frightened bird," he said, "how its heart beats! Rose!"

"Yes."

"You'll do one thing for me?"

"What?"

"Don't scream, not even if you fancy you are falling and you will in a minute or two."

"I won't scream if I *do* fall," replied the child resolutely, and in another minute he was creeping through the narrow window with her, having carefully secured the rope round his body.

Rose felt the night air blowing on her face; she heard him mutter something, then they swung off with a sweeping swing as if they were going headlong down and with a choking gasp she fainted with affright. Tom Blight had chucked his rope before, but never with such a burden, and even his stout heart was appalled by the danger of the attempt. But up he went hand over hand like a sailor, resting his feet on the knots, and clinging like a monkey, till the rope was climbed, and he rested once more in his lair, a large cavity in the brickwork of the arch. What it had been made for was very likely unknown to any one now; there it was, its very existence forgotten, for the railway was not a paying concern, and was soon to be merged into another and more convenient line and only such repairs and alterations were made as were absolutely necessary. Tom Blight had discovered it through one of the signal men whom he had known among the convicts and whose secret of his former life he had kept. To this man he had confided that he wanted the opportunity of watching the house in Burridge's Rents, but the road way of the bridge was too high. The man remembered the disused trap and where it led to, and they explored it together, the opening was boarded up when they found the cellar-like cavity, but a very little trouble served to send the boards crashing down upon the rubbish beneath, and his hiding place and position of espial were secured. From beneath it only looked like a square hole in the brickwork, but no one hardly ever went there to look up. And this was the place where Rose opened her eyes to the man who claimed her as his child, bending over her in a fright. "Thank Heaven!" she heard him say, as she began to revive. "Rose, my slave child, wake up! You are quite safe now. Here, drink some of this, we must be off!"

He gave her some brandy and she sat up, bewildered.

"Come," he said eagerly, "we must not lose a minute."

He half led half carried her up a dirty opening, which could hardly be called a passage, through a trap on to the level of the railway, where they found the signal man waiting for them.

"You must get over the wall and down the side steps into Sydney street," he said hurriedly. "The down express is just due and you can't get into the station; the fellows are all about with lamps and things. You may leave all down there to me, I'll pull up the rope; it won't do to have that place hunted up."

Before Rose had half recovered her senses she was lifted over the wall, and Blight, taking her up in his arms, carried her down the steep flight of steps used only by the railway officials. They emerged at the bottom into a quiet street, and he set her down upon the pavement, but she clung to him, trembling.

THE LATE GEORGE HOLLAND, Comedian. **and PETER RICHINGS-PUGET,** Actor and Manager.

Biographies published in recent issues of the CLIPPER.

"All right now, little one," he said. "Thank Heaven we are safe. Now to get a cab and make straight for Eaton square."

"But suppose we are too late," that they are there before us."

"They won't attempt anything till after midnight. It is barely nine now, we shall foil them yet."

"And shall I go with you to-morrow," she asked, as they walked rapidly towards the main street, "or shall I stay with my lady again?"

"To-morrow!" he said. "Ah, child, let to-morrow take care of itself. Who knows what to-night may bring forth? I've thought of nothing but what we have in hand for the last two days."

He hailed a passing cab as he spoke, and the man drew up, but hesitated at the sight of Rose's dishevelled hair and disordered dress, to say nothing of the appearance of her companion. In truth, they were neither of them likely looking people to pay a visit in Eaton square, and the cabman very naturally demurred.

"Nonsense, my man, you must take us," said Blight, angrily

"You're a shy looking lot for an 'ansom," said the driver. "I don't know as I can."

"I think you will. Do you see this half sovereign? I'll give it to you if you land us in Eaton square in half an hour."

"Horseflesh could'nt do it; give me another ten minutes and I'll try."

"You can do it well enough, if you like; drive me to the back door of Lord Galton's house (it's number 19), and I'll give it to you."

"All right, mate; jump in."

In half an hour the cab, with the horse all a foam, was standing at the door Rose knew so well, and the driver was paid his half sovereign. Tom Blight rang boldly, and was answered by a footman, who surveyed the pair with sovereign contempt.

"See my lord! No, I should think not, at this time of night!"

"My lady, then."

"My lady's ill in bed, to say nothing of the heir having been buried this morning. You can't see any one, my man, so you'd best be off."

"Oh, Mr. John, please do let us see some one," pleaded little Rose, to the amazement of the grand servant, who recognised her when she spoke.

"Blest if it aint the dirty little vagabond my lady took in off the streets! She's come back and brought some of the gang along with her!" he said, with surprise and contempt. "Be off the pair of you, or I'll call the police!"

He would have slammed the door in their faces as he spoke, but Tom Blight interposed his foot.

"Not so fast, my man," he said, "You may be wanted to fetch the police by-and-bye, I think it most likely. As my lord is out and my lady of course can't be seen, go up and bring Mrs. Bretton to me. Oh, you may lock me out while you go if you please. I'm neither come to steal the spoons, nor to run away. If you won't do my bidding *I'll* go to the police, tell my story, and I think it very likely you may find yourself in trouble for not taking my message."

He spoke with such perfect calmness that the man hesitated a moment and finally said:—

"Wait there, I'll tell Mrs. Bretton," shutting the door as he spoke.

Tom Blight laughed softly to himself, but waited, and in a very few minutes Bretton came down.

"Where is she?" they heard her say softly as the door was opened, but she recoiled in dismay at the sight of how the child was accompanied.

"You!"

"Yes, me, bring me in where I can talk to you, quickly, or it will be too late! if the house is robbed before we can make arrangements you'll have that grinning idiot there to thank who would have kept me out. Send this poor child where she can be dressed and attended to and fetch Sir Hugh Pendarvis, or let me go to him."

In half an hour Sir Hugh was closeted with his old groom in the breakfast parlor very white and shaking at the sight of the man he had believed dead so long and terrified for the future, but with all his wits about him for the present emergency. With them was an officer from the station and more were in the house. The servants were one and all forbidden to go out, and one, the footman who had answered Blight's knock, was caught as he was leaving the house by the side door and ordered back. He said he was only going to the stables, but seemed much discomfitted at being made to return nevertheless. Rose was brought down decently dressed and had once more, and with much trepidation, told her story. There was truth in every line of its simple artlessness, and the officer praised her and told her that she was a good girl. Sir Hugh added that she had probably saved the family from much alarm and loss, and asked who she was.

"Look in her face, sir," was the reply (the policeman was gone down stairs to his men). "The old blood shows itself both in mind and body. "She's true as steel to those she loves."

The baronet looked long at the little girl. "Great heavens! You cannot mean it!" he murmured.

"I do."

"More shame! More disgrace! How will it end? I dread to think of to-morrow! How has it all come about."

"I cannot think of to-morrow, Sir Hugh Pendarvis. She," pointing to Rose, "asked me something about 'to-morrow' not long since; I feel as if I were finishing my career to-night."

"Why?"

"I do not know, but if I see to-morrow then you shall know everything about her, about myself. It's not my fault, sir, that I am here alive now; I've been left for dead more than once; I've tried what drink and dissipation, and breaking the laws would do to kill a man, but I have not been able to die yet. Life wasn't much to me without her; you'd better have let us alone sir."

"Hush!" said Sir Hugh sharply, for the officer was coming back.

"I've seen to everything," he said entering, "I think they'll have a reception they little expect; I only hope my lady may not be disturbed. I believe the message to my lord was only a plan to get him out of the house."

He was right; the telegram was answered by the earl about ten o'clock. Summoning him away was a plan, a chosen conceit of Jonathan Trout's, but Lord Galton was a match for them and was back by twelve.

CHAPTER XXX.

"I was to ask you, where is my mother?"
"Press her lips the while they glow,
With love that they have often told;
Hereafter thou mayst press in woe,
And kiss them till thine own are cold.
Press her lips the while they glow." HOOD.

When Lord Galton discovered the trick that had been played upon him (for he had been summoned to see a dying friend at Hertford, and had gone off by the last train) he immediately suspected some evil plot afoot. Not the truth; nothing was farther from his mind than robbery. He fancied it was some evil machination connected with his wife, and went at once back to the station. But alas! the last train to London had been gone ten minutes, and it was nearly eleven o'clock. There was no other till the passing of a night mail about one o'clock, and the thought of what might be happening at home nearly maddened him. There was nothing for it but to have a special engine and carriage out, and after much telegraphing up and down the line and considerable demur on the part of the authorities, it was managed at last, and about twelve o'clock he was at Scotland Yard, telling the superintendent there of the hoax that had been practiced upon him. He was somewhat surprised to find that they knew all about it, and that it was robbery that was contemplated, for he had feared he scarce knew what.

"If I might advise, my lord," the superintendent said, "you'll not go home in a cab, they will be sure to be on the watch, and if they think they're spotted they won't go to work."

Lord Galton acquiesced, and sneaked into his own house like a thief by the back door, being taken by Jonathan Trout, who was not far off, for one of his own servants. He found everything prepared for the reception of the thieves, his lady and most of the household profoundly ignorant of what was going on, and Bretton and Sir Hugh Pendarvis terribly frightened and agitated—as he supposed with fear. Their discomposure was not caused so much by the knowledge of Tom Blight's presence in the house. He had begged that the fact might be concealed from Lord Galton, at least for the night.

"He knows nothing," he said "and I don't want to harm him. Let it be till this job's over, and then we'll think, sir, what to do next."

There was a curious tone of despondency running through his words, and they acquiesced in his wishes; Bretton stowed him away in her own room—an apartment by the staircase leading to the attics. No danger from that part of the house was apprehended, the plans of the robbers were to enter by a window in the back area proceeding from the pantry on which it opened through the kitchen and so up stairs. But after they left Burridge's Rents they made a grand discovery; by means of some scaffolding and ladders, a few doors off, they could climb to the roof and gain admittance by a skylight. Tom Barton went up, explored, and returned to his companions.

"No one sleeps in the room," he said, "it's empty, all but boxes. There's one casement for one to drop upon. I'll take that part of the job, I shall get at the jewels quicker that way, and want you down stairs after."

And so it was arranged, and Tom Blight watching and listening, heard a stealthy step coming down the stairs close to where he lay hid. Fearing treachery on the part of some one in the house, and not being sure that the person moving might not be one of the servants, he peeped cautiously out and was startled to see a man carrying a dark lantern in his hand. Quick as thought he slipped off his shoes and followed. He was not quick enough to seize the intruder, who shut off the light almost immediately, leaving them in total darkness. He followed him by sound, though like himself, the man was either in his stockings or list-shod. Every now and then the intruder would pause and show a light to see where he was. All the house was still and quiet, and half past one chimed from the church clocks as the man paused before the street door of the anteroom to Lady Galton's bed-chamber. He hesitated a moment, as if in doubt which was the door, and then opening it softly he entered.

Tom Blight followed noiselessly; all was still, Lady Galton was, for the moment, alone. Bretton had left her sleeping under the influence of a sedative administered early in the evening, and the nurse was fast asleep also in the inner room. Tom Blight marked the rich furniture and the dainty bed; saw the face so long yearned for, lying pale and wan upon the lace trimmed pillow, with the golden hair, still without a thread of grey, railing about it in heavy masses. He had barely time to mark all this when the man in advance of him flashed his light in the lady's face, and she sprang up. He seized her by the wrist and demanded where her jewels were; too terrified to scream, she fell back upon her pillow, just as her unseen protector came to the rescue, and seizing her assailant, recognized Tom Barton. With a wild yell that woke every echo in the house, the thief sprang back, but the hand that held him was firm, and they closed in a struggle that brought them both to the ground. After that all was like a dream to Tom Blight. He heard hurrying feet and loud voices, then came a sharp stab in the side, a crashing blow on the head, and he became unconscious. By and by he revived enough to know he was laid on a bed, and that gentle hands were busy about his wounds. He heard talking and, as it seemed to him, voices expressing sorrow and regret round him, but he was almost too weak to speak In vain he moved his lips, no sound would come from them, but some one put wine to his mouth, and bent down to hear what he had to say.

"Is all right?" he gasped at length.

"Yes, my poor fellow, yes," said a voice beside him, "all right except you."

"The lady not hurt?"

"No; she is doing very well, the thieves are all secured. Try and sleep, now."

"Who hit me!" after a pause, and speaking with difficulty.

"I did," said a low voice at his head. "In ignorance, believe me; we will do all we can to atone."

"Who speaks?"

"It's my lord," said another speaker, whom he knew to be Bretton. "He thought you were one of them."

"Say you forgive me, my man," said the Earl, laying his hand on the one which was restlessly groping about in the darkness, for his blow with a life preserver had beaten in the man's face and blinded him. "If science and skill can cure you nothing shall be spared."

"You haven't killed me," he replied feebly, "it's the stab here; he had his knife out and into me before I could catch his arm; somehow, I felt some end was coming, its as well as it is."

And then he dozed off, and they left him to the care of the attendants, for there was much to be done. Jonathan Trout and Tom Barton had both been hurt in scuffling with the police (the Rook had been pounced upon and secured without much trouble), and the earl, always charitable, insisted that they should be properly attended to. Bretton returned to her mistress, who was terribly alarmed at what had passed, and who, to her horror and consternation, had recognised Tom Blight. Early in the evening when her husband had come to her room to tell her of the summons which called him away, she had been much better, and very tranquil; indeed it seemed as though the burial of her baby, instead of exciting and agitating her, had calmed and quited her feelings. Lord Galton was puzzled at this, but attributed it to her illness. His own distress at the loss of his boy was acute and the telegram which purported to be from an old and valued friend who had met with an accident was rather a distraction than otherwise. Left alone, Lady Galton lay and thought, as people are apt to do in illness, of all the events of her life one after the other, and of the strange tale she purposed to tell her husband in the morning. Thinking and planning she fell asleep, and heard nothing of the commotion in the house, of Rose's being brought back, or of the earl's return. Her thoughts merged into dreams, and it seemed that she was still dreaming when the door opened, and the light from a dark lantern flashed upon her face. Before she could rouse herself to scream another man appeared, and the light shining full upon him, revealed the face of the man she believed she had had done to death in the dark pool on the Cornish moor. She saw the men spring upon each other and heard the shout which Tom Barton gave.

Then her husband rushed in and she saw him strike the face which had once been all the world to her. She saw flowing blood and heard hurrying footsteps and then the whole scene faded from before her eyes and she fainted. When she recovered Bretton was bending over her and her husband supporting her. As things grew clearer she asked what had happened, what it all meant? They told her of the attempt at robbery and how it had been foiled; but no one mentioned the man's name; Lord Galton did not know it yet.

"I'm afraid I made a terrible blunder," he said. "The man must have every care, every tending; but of course I did not know. Now you are better, darling, I will go and see about him."

"Yes, go quickly," she said, eagerly. "He must not die; it must not be said we murdered him here."

"I hope there will be no question of his dying, dear, but I will see to him, never fear."

He left the room and she clutched Bretton by the arm.

"Am I going mad?" she said, "or did I see *him*."

"You did, my lady."

"Here in this room?"

"Yes."

"How did he come here?"

"To give notice of the robbery that was intended."

"But how did he know?"

"He had watched the parties for some time," he said. "They are the Barton people, that little Rosebud lived with."

"Ah, poor little Rose—poor lost child!"

"Not lost, my lady; she is here; he brought her this evening."

"Brought Rose back! Saved us from so much and to lose his life for me and mine, and by *his* hand, too. I must see him, Bretton."

"He is not dying, my lady; the blow was a hard one, but he will do; my lord will see that he has every care. Would you like to see Rose? she has asked after you so often."

Bretton said this to divert her lady's mind. That Tom Blight had received his death wound she gathered from a few words the hastily summoned doctor had spoken when he came to see Lady Galton and advised them to let her swoon spend itself, but she dare not tell her the truth. As she expected she eagerly consented to see the little girl.

"Oh, yes," she said, "bring her in if she is up. She ought to be in bed, poor thing."

"No one in the house is in bed, my lady, it is daylight now."

"And I cannot sleep; bring her here?"

So Rose was brought and Bretton left her sitting by the bedside, her soft eyes beaming even with tears. The countess bade her shut the dressing-room door, she wanted to talk to her she said. She made her tell her all that had befallen her since she was taken away and how she was brought back, but Rose's voice was broken by sobs, and her tears fell fast while she spoke.

"Why do you cry so, child?" the countess asked. "Are you sorry to come back?"

"Oh, no, my lady! but my father—he says he is my father—is badly hurt and they won't let me see him."

"Your father—the name Barton?"

"No, my lady, the other—the one that brought me back."

"He—*he* your father?"

"He says so; he says he loves me dearly, and I think he does; he has been very kind to me."

"And your mother, where is she?"

"He said I was to ask you, my lady; that I was to bid you look in my face and at my hand, and you would tell me. Oh, do you think you can?"

The countess looked at her for a moment and then took the hand the child held up. For a moment she hesitated and then burst into tears, such tears as she had not shed for many a long year. Rose felt her head drawn down till her golden curls mingled with those upon the pillow and kisses, the like of which she had never known, were pressed upon her brow, cheeks and lips. And this clinging embrace was what Lord Galton saw when he returned to his wife's room with the tidings that the man he had hurt was, if not better, at least not suffering and was asleep.

CHAPTER XXXI.

"Oh, what was love made for, if 'tis not the same—
Thro' joy and thro' torments, thro' glory and shame?
I know not, I ask not if guilt's in that heart,
I but know that I love thee, whatever thou art!" MOORE.

"Clara!" exclaimed Lord Galton, in astonishment, "what is this?"

He lifted the weeping child from the bed and gazed in amazement at his wife's tear stained features.

"You should not have had her in here now, dear, you were too agitated for more disturbance; send her away."

He rang the bell for Bretton as he spoke, and his wife again kissed Rose with affection.

"Do not be harsh to her," she said, "she is not to blame; I sent for her."

"Harsh, my dear? no. Go with Mrs. Bretton, child. The poor fellow up-stairs has been asking for her; he is asleep, now, but take her to him when he wakes."

"Yes, my lord. Does he know, I wonder?" said Bretton to herself, as she left the room. "If he does he takes things coolly."

But Lord Galton knew nothing, and Rose could only tell how the lady had kissed her and cried when she spoke about her mother. Lord Galton sat down by his wife's side when they were alone and smoothed her pillows, trying in a man's awkward, tender way to make her comfortable.

"I am going to stay with you half an hour, darling," he said. "Try and sleep; I am terrified for the effect of all this worry upon you."

"You needn't be, it will not harm me. Kiss me, Leicester, dear; take me in your arms and let me hear you say 'I love you,' for the last time."

"The last time! My own Clara, what do you mean?" he said, in surprise, giving her the caress she sought.

"You are sadly upset by all this commotion."

"No, I am not, I am neither frightened nor feverish. Sit down and listen to me; perhaps when you have done so you will curse me."

He was interrupting her, but she silenced him with a gesture, and went on:—

"I promised to tell you a secret, Leicester, to unravel all the mystery that has seemed to be closing round me of late; call back the time when you first knew me, a happy girl at Tantallon."

He did recall it; it seemed to him as if the vision of Clara in all her youthful loveliness stood before him in that darkened room.

"Those were happy days," he said, with a sigh.

"Happier than any we have known since, were they not?"

"Not to me dear. I am afraid to think how happy my married life has been; you are not going to tell me anything to break its joy? If you are, keep silence, I must not hear it!"

"You must hear what I am going to tell, if it end our happiness, as it will, for ever. Do you remember the night of the ball at Tantallon, when Mr. Mervyn, good old man, told us about the ghost?"

"Yes, and when we saw it ourselves—but what has that to do with you?"

"Everything. Mr. Mervyn said it was the ghost of —of Tom Blight, my father's groom."

"Yes."

"Four years before that I had been sent away to France to school; do you know what for?"

"To finish your education, I suppose," he said, trying to speak lightly, though his heart was growing heavy.

"No, to save me from further disgrace. I had already brought shame and ignominy on our old name, for I—I, Clara Pendarvis, had married my father's groom!"

Lord Galton's head sank upon his hands, but he made no sound.

"I was sent to school, but there my disgrace would have soon been found out, so I was moved to a convent. I had a child—it died. I saw it dead, or thought I did, and I begged to come home, but my father would not let me while *he* was alive. But a day came when he was picked up among our Cornish rocks, smashed past all recognition, except by his clothes; they buried him, and then Tantallon was free to me once more. But I was to be once more punished. My mother, from whom the bitter knowledge of my degradation had been kept, found out the truth by accident, and it killed her; I did not reach home in time to see her die!"

She paused now, for speaking was an exertion to her.

"Is that all?" he asked, raising a very white face and looking at her. "My darling, you might have trusted me with your story before. I should have loved you none the less."

"*All!* Would to Heaven it were! No, no, the worst is to come! After that I met you, and my heart—for I had one in spite of that girlish folly—was given to you at once and forever. The other had been a girl's gratified vanity, romance, love of admiration, call it what you will. He was a handsome man, with manners above his station, and they thought me a child, and allowed me to ride about with him as I chose. I loved you, Leicester, as I have ever done, solely and entirely, and my heart danced with delight at the thought of the future with you. My father often begged me to tell you all. I pleaded for silence till after we were married. I thought my love would make you forgive me then, and he consented. Alas! the night before our wedding brought me the fatal knowledge that my husband, the groom, the bar to our union, was alive!"

"Great Heaven!"

The words came like a groan from the Earl's white lips, and great drops of perspiration stood upon his forehead.

"Go on!" he said hoarsely. "Let me hear all the story of my shame!"

"He commanded me to meet him at midnight at the pool, or he would come to the church and stop our wedding. I loved you, I would have lost my soul rather than anything should come between us, and I went. I thought to silence him by bribery, by paying him to hold his tongue, but I found he wanted more than this; he could not live without seeing me, he said, and pressed me hard. I gave him jewels—gems which had belonged to my dead mother, and promised more. It was all of no use; I grew desperate, and—and——"

"I know, you murdered him," Lord Galton spoke, in a strange, hard voice, without raising his head. "I understand all, now; go on."

"I pushed him into the pool—Bretton saw it. They say the pool never gives up anything thrown into it. We were married. I stood by the altar with this guilty secret in my breast; for ten years I lay by your side, hoping, trying to believe that it might ever be a secret, and that my wifely love and duty might be some atonement for my sin. But the pool was faithless, the water gave up its dead, but not him."

"What do you mean?"

"I mean that the corpse which the sinking of the water brought to light was not Tom Blight's, the man I married. He is alive." She spoke calmly, as though all power of violent emotion had left her.

The Earl listened silently, too, though his face grew lined like that of an old man.

"Where is he?"

"Up stairs, dying by your hand. I have never seen his face since the hour when I saw the water close over it on the eve of our wedding, but he stood here and saved me from death, as I believe, to-night."

"And how long have you known he was alive? How long have you been the wife of two husbands, Lady Galton?"

"Bretton will tell you all; I am too weak to talk more, except this: I believe that child whom you sent away but now, to be mine and his; you will have to question him if you have left enough life in him to answer you."

"Have you done?"

"Yes."

"Have you nothing more to add to the history of your life?"

"Oh, Leicester have pity! Don't look at me like that! If you knew what I have suffered in the past ten years!"

"Not a tithe of what I shall suffer in the future. I will ring for Bretton."

"But what are you going to do?"

"I cannot tell. I must have time to think; a man cannot cast off all his ties in a moment, and stand alone amid the ruins of his home and happiness. I will see you again in the course of a few hours. Thank God for the sorrow of yesterday; I understand now what your maid meant when she told me to be thankful my son lay dead!" He left the room without another word, and went straight to Sir Hugh Pendarvis' room.

The baronet was asleep. He was tired with the events of the morning, and had sunk into an easy chair. Lord Galton shook him roughly by the shoulder; at any other time he would not have been guilty of such boisterous rudeness, now he was nearly mad. Sir Hugh looked up wondering.

"I'm coming," he said, only half awake, then, as he caught sight of the Earle's face, he faltered:—"Galton, what is it, are you ill?"

"Nothing has happened," replied Lord Galton, with white lips, "only I have been in the dark for ten years, and the light has broken in at last. I come to you, Sir Hugh, to know why I have been kept in ignorance so long."

"Clara has told you, then?"

"She has."

"Everything?"

"There cannot surely be much more to tell. I have learned from the woman I thought my wife that our marriage vow was a mockery, that our children are illegitimate! I have learned to say as you, in your knowledge, bade me say the other day—thank Heaven I have no son? Would you have me know any more?"

The Baronet's face was as white as that of his son-in-law by this time, and his lips worked convulsively.

"I cannot speak while you are so bitter," he said, falteringly, "nor can I ask you to modify your grief and anger; my sin towards you has only been a matter of days. When I gave you my child in the church at Tantallon I swear before Heaven that I believed her free. In keeping the secret of what had gone before I meant no harm, it was known to so few. What my life has been since I found out that man was alive, I cannot tell you; no torments in the future can outdo what I have suffered."

Lord Galton stood eyeing him with a black frown on his face, and it struck him all at once how dreadfully changed he had become in the last few anxious weeks. From a hale, hearty, upright old man, he had shrivelled into an aged, broken-down creature, with shaking hands and tottering limbs.

"It is killing me," he said, feebly. "Have pity on her—on me."

The Earl was touched and held out his hand.

"Forgive me," he said. "I am bitter and hard, I know it, but a man cannot have the idol he has worshipped for so many years turn to a clay image all at once without feeling the transformation.

"What will you do?"

"Nothing to expose her, be sure; much will depend on what I hear from the man up-stairs. That he will die is certain; while he lives things must remain as they are."

"And the children? Oh, Leicester, forgive me, I must speak of them."

"It will be for her to decide; they are [illegible] too. But for them I think I [illegible] take some short way out of the world. [illegible] I done that this awful punishment should [illegible] me?"

He left his father-in-law and [illegible]

own room after ascertaining that Tom Blight was still asleep. Tom Barton and his two accomplices had been taken off to the police station to await the inquiry of the morrow, the first named of the two being in a tremendous state of fright not altogether caused by the capture.

"If I tell you I saw him lie dead," he said to the policeman who conveyed him away; "twice his ghost has come back to thwart me."

"A good thing too; you'd better hold your tongue. He's a pretty substantial ghost by this time."

But he persisted in the story at the station, declaring that the man who had attacked him in Lady Galton's room was an old pal of his out in Australia, who had been killed in a bush fight and left dead in a gully there."

They did not take much notice of the tale because they knew his assailant had been Tom Blight, alive and in the flesh, but proceeded to search the baffled thieves, which proceeding brought to light Lady Galton's diamond necklace, which Mr. Trout had kept cunningly stored away in the lining of his dirty velveteen jacket.

TO BE CONTINUED.

NEW YORK CLIPPER.

SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 4, 1871.

NOTICE TO SUBSCRIBERS.

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FRANK QUEEN, EDITOR AND PROPRIETOR,
Corner of Centre and Leonard streets,
Box 3,580 New York P. O.

NOTICE.

☞ CORRESPONDENTS, advertisers, and all others writing in relation to matters connected with this or any other department of the CLIPPER, are respectfully requested to address their favors to the editor and proprietor, and thereby avoid omissions, mistakes and confusion which are likely to occur when such communications are addressed to our assistants.

NOTICE.

ADVERTISERS must hand in their favors before 6 o'clock on Monday evening, in order to have them appear in that week's issue.

To Correspondents.

CONSTANT READER—Euchre.—Even when two players go alone against each other, by "mutual consent," one party possesses a great advantage over the other, as we shall attempt to show:—Suppose that A, B, C and D are playing—the two first partners against the two last named. B orders it up and goes alone, and thus assuming the responsibility of the trump, with the penalties attached thereto; C, his adversary, declares to go alone against him. Now, should B fail to take three tricks, he is euchred, and his opponent is permitted to score two points for the euchre; but, should C fail to take three tricks, he is not euchred, because he has not assumed the responsibility of the trump. It is manifestly unfair, therefore, to permit two hands to go alone against each other, as the one not making the trump has everything in his favor; should he take three tricks, he scores two for the euchre; should the other score three, he is only entitled to *one* point. Four points can only be scored by a player who orders up, takes up, or makes the trump, securing all five tricks on a lone hand. In your case, if the player who assumed the responsibility of the trump got three or four tricks, he scores one only; if his adversary took three or four tricks, it is a single, which entitles him to two points.

AMERICA, Philadelphia.—1. According to one book the partner may play alone; but others say he may not. Our opinion is that no one can go alone with the exception of the player who assumes the responsibility of the trump. 2. If the player who made the trump, or ordered it up, does not take three tricks, his adversary scores two points for a euchre. 3. They fought but once, and the honors were about equally divided.

CONSTANT READER, Washington, D. C.—The Church of the Atonement is located on Madison avenue, between Twenty-eighth and Twenty-ninth streets. Mr. George Holland was not a member of the church, but attended worship there. The Church of the Transfiguration—Dr. Houghton's—is located in Twenty-ninth street, a short distance east of Fifth avenue. They are both of the Protestant Episcopal denomination.

SAM SCOTT, New Orleans, La.—1. The church to which Mr. Jefferson applied for Mr. George Holland's funeral is of the Episcopalian denomination, and Mr. Sabine is the rector. 2. The church from which Mr. Holland was buried, and now popularly known as the church ground to the rear of Grace Church, is likewise of the Episcopalian denomination, and the Rev. O. H. Houghton is its rector.

ED. H., Pottsville, Pa.—A check (upon the Westminster Bank, we believe) for the £100 allowed Coburn for expenses in his contest with Mace in 1864, was handed Joe by Mr. Dowling, at *Bell's Life* office. He exhibited it at Nat Langham's afterwards, and offered to fight Mace for it then and there, we are informed. For several days Coburn held out for the entire stakes, but finally, through the advice of friends, he accepted the proffered £100.

H. W. S., Peekskill.—1. Deerfoot has run 11 miles, 790 yards in an hour. Bill Lang ran 12 miles in 1 hour, 2 min., 2¾ sec. 2. John Howard, of Bradford, cleared the greatest distance on record in one running jump, viz.: 29 feet, 7 inches. He jumped off a firm block of wood, two feet long, wedge shaped, raised four inches in front. 3. The fastest one mile foot race, level, on record, is 4:17¾, dead heat, between Lang and Richards.

BILLY, Trenton, N. J.—1. The party who makes or takes the responsibility of the trump is the only one who can play a lone hand all euchred, and all the hands he does not take in the trump go to his adversary, for which only two points may be taken; even though all five tricks be made against it. 2. An irregular question, therefore not answerable. 3. A was entitled to a sight for his money.

SAUL.—1. Edwin Forrest never performed at the Broadway Theatre, at the corner of Broome street and Broadway. 2. The Broadway Theatre, at above location, closed after the performance of Saturday night, April 24th, 1852, with Mary Taylor, who played "the Swiveller" and the "Rough Diamond," with Mrs. Barney Williams in the character of Margery.

J. W., Swanton, Vt.—1. Charley Gallagher was born at Coburg, C. W., May 10th, 1845; was 5ft. 10in. in his socks, and fought at 158lbs. He was beaten by Bill Davis and Jimmy Elliott, beat Tom Allen and Jack Curley, and fought a draw with Allen. 2. The fight between Australian Kelly and Smith, in [Australia, occupied 17 rounds, and was won by Kelly.

STAKEHOLDER.—C. was right in robbing with his king in the manner stated if the ace was not out. If either of the other players held the ace, he burned his card, or put on the trump, and stopped C from appropriating it; or forced him to replace it and take back the card put out.

FAIR PLAY.—We understand that Cuthbert signed his contract conditionally. What those conditions were we know not, and until they are known from an official source we cannot answer your question. Cuthbert is not a man to prove faithless to any written engagement.

H. A. D., Washington.—From T. H. Haynie, secretary of the National Association, at Chicago. He refused to allow our reporter to copy the rules adopted, and consequently our base ball readers are deprived of the necessary information, which they would have had weeks ago otherwise.

POPE.—1. The refusal of the Pope of Rome to grant Henry VIII a divorce from his wife led to the establishment of the Church of England by that monarch. 2. Sextus V., in 1586, limited the number of cardinals to seventy, but they are sometimes more and frequently less.

INQUIRER, Salem, Mass.—At cribbage, the cards being played in the following order—4, 5, 6, 7, 8: C was entitled to three points for the sequence of 5, 6, 7; then four for the sequence of 4, 5, 6, 7, 8, and one for the last card; or eight points in all.

CONSTANT READER.—Write to the secretary of the Colonies, London, Eng., and you may get some information; but if you have friends in Scotland whom you can trust, you had better get them to consult an attorney.

DARIUS DECK, East Hanover, Pa.—1. Gay Lussac, a French aeronaut, ascended in a balloon to a height of 23,000 feet, in 1804. The altitude would depend upon certain physical and atmospherical conditions. We do not answer questions by mail.

YOUNG HICKORY.—1. Edwin Forrest will be in this city on Feb. 6th. Address him then at the 14th street Theatre. 2. You had better abandon all idea of the stage. You are too young and could not get a position.

EAGO, New Orleans, La.—Mace forfeited £30 to Madden, the former refusing to fight under a referee named by the stakeholder, according to articles, 1857. He also forfeited to Madden a second time, £10, bolting on the morning of fighting—May 10th, 1858.

ENQUIRER, Yarmouth, N. H.—The theatre in Munich is probably the largest theatre in the world; we have no record of its seating capacity. The Boston Theatre, Boston, Mass., will seat 2,956.

2. Miss Blanche De Bar is alleged to be the daughter of J. B. Booth.

SMITH.—You should be taken in small doses. The newness of the idea will find it next to impossible to get it produced in New York city.

O'CONNELL, New Orleans, La.—1. Barnum's Museum, at the corner of Broadway and Ann streets, was destroyed by fire July 13th, 1865. 2. The one located on Broadway, above Spring street, was burned March 3d, 1868.

SCRIBBLE SCRIBBLE.—1. Edwin Forrest is considered a better delineator of Richelieu in the play of that name than Edwin Booth. 2. The lady is not married. 3. You are mistaken. Barry Sullivan was allowed to play in New York as often as he desired.

HARRY DEAN, Philadelphia, Pa.—1. Go to some professional clog dancer and ask him to instruct you. 2. The salary depends entirely upon merit—from 15 to 40 dollars a week.

FRITZ, Meadville, Pa.—1. They will be acceptable. 2. Mr. Sabine's church is called the Ascension; "the little church around the corner" is named the Church of the Transfiguration.

CONSTANCE, Brooklyn, L. I.—Mr. William Ellerton has appeared upon the New York stage within ten years. He appeared in the Broadway Theatre, corner of Broome street, some few years since, for a benefit.

W. B., Pagundua, Pa.—As the dealer sits to the left of the cutter, the cutting must therefore be to the left. The elder hand sits to the left of the dealer, consequently the same ruling governs the question.

PEN, D. C., Halifax, N. S.—Four aces, or four kings and an ace are the best hands at bluff. In some circles preference is given to a straight flush, but that should not be, we think, since the former cannot be used with the latter can.

E. C.—It being an innovation on the regular game, there are no rules to govern it, consequently the mode of play should be decided upon before commencing.

WM. GEO. Wheeling, Va.—Amateur show business is very thick this business. We advise you to have nothing to do with it. Professionals of repute find it difficult to make money in these times.

R. F. C., Wilmington, Del.—1. It is very good time. 2. Deerfoot was 11 miles 790 yards in an hour. Bill Lang ran 12 miles in 1 hour, 2 minutes, 2¾ seconds.

SLIM JIM, Washington, D. C.—J. Gorman beat Ned Sweeney, purse, 7 r, 15m, Covington, Ky. Had you looked among the Gs in that list you would have seen it.

B. T. C., Boston, Mass.—Agoust was the best juggler ever in America. He, with his wife Arella, commanded $500 gold per week.

O'CALLAGHAN.—The author of "Beautiful Snow" is unknown. The authorship has been claimed by J. Watson, Miss Dora Shaw and others.

L. and W.—As the fire took place in March, which, according to modern ideas, is one of the spring months, the party who bet that the place was destroyed in winter loses.

MISS A. M., Hartford, Conn.—Frank B. Cilley is the business manager of the California Theatre, San Francisco, Cal. 2. The lady's address we cannot give you.

MALDOCUS, Scranton, Pa.—Here each has one to go, low goes out before Jack, unless Jack is turned up as trump, when it is scored at once.

H. C.—It has merit enough, but we have received so many on the same subject that we have been obliged to decline the publication of any after this date.

OLD SLEDGE, Pittsburgh, Pa.—1. The Jack, or bower, is the best card in cutting for deal. 2. The highest card deals, the ace being considered the highest card.

A SUBSCRIBER, Picton, Canada.—The population of Chicago is 298,903, and of St. Louis 312,963, according to the last census, consequently St. Louis takes the lead by 13,960.

HARE, St. Louis, Mo.—1. Very likely. 2. Chas. Freeman, the American Giant, was 8ft. 10¼in. in height. He beat the Tipton Shaker Dec. 20th, 1843.

C. J., Sing Sing, N. Y.—As B ordered the dealer (A) up to prevent a lone hand, would not play a loser; otherwise of what avail would the ordering up be?

BOSTONIAN.—The rules adopted by the last convention will be published by the printing committee as soon as they can get advertisements to pay expenses.

A. K., Philad'a.—What distance? Geo. Thudium, of Indianapolis, Ind., is recorded as having made the best mile time on a velocipede, viz.:—3 min. 30 sec.

C. D., Detroit, Mich.—Send to Ed. James, 88 and 90 Centre street, this city, for "Physical Exercises," enclosing $3 and postage.

ALTA, Des Moines, Iowa.—1. No. 2. Their connection is professional.

BILLY, Trenton, N. J.—The Stadt Theatre will seat 3,013 persons. 4,500 have been within the theatre.

RANDY, Lima, O.—Thanks, but we do not require a correspondent in your town.

J. J. F., Salem, Mass.—The New Bowery Theatre was burned Dec. 24th, 1868, and was not rebuilt.

GAYNOR, Toledo, O.—You can send items, and if we have not later intelligence we may use them.

S. G. E.—The two forty-fours were entitled to throw off for choice of first and second prizes.

C. M. E., Brownsville.—Both the reds should remain within the "ring."

F. F. B., Worcester, Mass.—A "muggins" a player must play if he can.

INQUIRER, Providence.—Sayers was born in 1826, fought Heenan in 1860, and died Nov. 11th, 1865, aged 39.

NOVICE.—We have not heard anything of the case since the parties were admitted to bail, and it isn't likely that we ever shall.

C. S. H.—We have not been able to obtain the desired information.

JAMES, Pittsburgh, Pa.—James Coyne is located at 173 Warren street, corner of White, Newark, N. J.

F. B. R., Evansville.—Samuello' establishment, in Brooklyn, has thirty-five ladies. It is the largest anywhere.

J. D. B., Philadelphia.—Flyer fought Sullivan in 1849; Morrissey and Sullivan's fight took place in 1853.

VINCHE.—Circus companies do not as a general thing carry horses about with them through the country.

L. O., Fort Riley, Kansas.—Charles Fechter was born in London, Eng. His father was a German and his mother English.

CONSTANT READER, Grand Rapids.—Send your letter in care of this office.

N. L. D., Detroit, Mich.—Too late. The challenge has already appeared.

J. McG., Philadelphia.—Joe Coburn was born at Middletown, Co. Armagh, Ireland.

F. & S., Little Rock, Ark.—Marshal Ney was arrested for treason by the Bourbons, and shot Dec. 7th, 1815.

J. K. HENDERSON, Capitan, O.—It is a catch bet, which we prefer not to decide.

DUD, Boston, Mass.—B was right in taking two for the pair of aces, and twelve for double pair-royal on playing the fourth ace.

JIMMY R.—Song and dance men get from 30 to 60 dollars per week.

A DOZEN CHEARS, Gloversville, N. Y.—Wallack's Theatre, N. Y., will seat more persons than the Globe Theatre, Boston, Mass.

F. F. W., Washington.—Many thanks. We can sympathize with you, having also "a bad code id the head ad dose."

A SUBSCRIBER, Silver City.—Soochow, China; population, 2,000,000.

E. C. W., Rochester.—You can get it of *Ed. James*, who advertises in another column.

E. S. H., Virginia City.—We have been overrun with similar offerings, and have been obliged to cease further publication of the same.

CENSUS, Ottawa, Kansas.—Brooklyn has a population of 396,300, and St. Louis, 312,963.

JESSE, Washington, D. C.—Both complexion and color of hair, if natural, determine a blonde or brunette.

NELSON, Quincy, Ill.—Miss Ada Webb is married, and has retired from the stage.

M. E. W., Chodenasti, O.—The lady is married, is in her 39th year, and has been upon the stage since a child.

CONSTANT SUBSCRIBER.—John Lester Wallack was born in England.

HALL & Co.—One time, $1; three months, $10.40, cash in advance.

ADVERTISER, Pittsburgh.—$2.25 for each insertion. We have no type that size. You would have to furnish an electrotype.

JOHN F., Sacramento, Cal.—We cannot furnish back numbers of the CLIPPER for the year 1870.

F. H. AND J. D.—1. There is none. 2. Only two points for a euchre.

J. M.—Dexter's best recorded time is 2:17¼, in harness. He has not trotted in a race since he was purchased by Robert Bonner.

JAS. B., Chicago, Ill.—He was born in Ireland, but has resided in this country since his youth.

SUBSCRIBER.—Yes, at Beadle's, corner William and Pratt streets, N. Y.

JOHN F., Philada.—Mace and Sayers were never opponents in the ring.

MO. VALLEY MINSTREL.—1. He was catcher for the Haymakers. 2. We cannot. 3. Sensy.

Q. V. L.—1. No. 2. The winner of the most games or matches. 3. The ball goes with the championship.

C. B. NASY, Columbia Springs.—The records began in the December numbers.

PUDDEN, Canton, O.—No. They fought twice, and Edwards won each battle.

A. W. J., St. Louis, Mo.—B lost the game in failing to obtain the lead.

TOM, Toronto, C. W.—As the lowest governed the first throw, we think therefore that it should govern the second, in case of a tie.

F. W. F., Newburgh, Ind.—C could not beg under the circumstances.

LEONIDA.—1. Dexter's fastest mile time in a *private trial* is 2:14, Fashion Course, L. I., in 1867. 2. Can't say at present.

STERNO.—The pugilistic arena is twenty-four feet square—that is, twenty-four feet each way.

SHYLOCK.—For one month, in a space of five lines, three dollars.

R. SPRAGUE, Boston.—1. They did. 2. Yes, by a score of 9 to 0.

H. C. CLARK, Johnstown, N. Y.—The lady is in her 39th year.

D. D. L.—Three lines, three months, cash in advance, $4.68.

T. S. A., Hartford.—The player who cut Jack takes in the deal.

C. W. H., Boston.—We do not need anything of that kind.

BILLIARDS.—The gentleman has never played for money.

HENRY WHELANE.—The Mutuals for the whip pennant.

A. H.—See answer to Scribble Scrabble in this issue.

LITTLE ROCK.—The Gregory family is in Australia.

A. ISLER, Columbus, O.—Respectfully declined.

F. R. S., Cleveland, O.—Both gentlemen first.

A. H. F., Phila.—For three months $6.24.

LOU, Syracuse, N. Y.—No, thank you.

E. A. K.—Respectfully declined.

C. B.—The best we can say is card.

BOB, Brooklyn.—Yes.

A. AND B.—Yes.

SOMEWH AT TITULARLY.—Pelham, The Disowned, met Felix Holt, The Radical, to discuss A Point of Honor. Are you Quite Alone? he asked. I'm On Guard by Myself, was the response. I've A Strange Story to Tell, said the first speaker. There has been A Dark Night's Work at Mrs. Lorriper's Lodgings. Abel Drake's Wife has received Notice to Quit, for My Lady Ludlow and The Young Husband of Rachel Ray stole, from the Castle Avon, John Marchmont's Legacy, which consisted of Half a Million of Money, The Great Hoggarty Diamond and his uncle's Sword and Gown, and secreted it, All in the Dark, in an Old Oak Chest, in her apartments. Aurora Floyd, The Wife's Sister, knew the poor Woman's Trials, and determined to Look to the End of the affair, and Night and Morning her prayer was that Time the Avenger might have One of Them, if not both, Bound to the Wheel. The Neighbors, who were Hand and Glove with The Conspirators, sought, by Misrepresentation, to poison the mind of The Head of the Family, but he, with admirable Self Control, informed them that that was Played Out, and telling his wife to keep A Quiet Heart and Live It Down, both left for The Old Dominion, and, from last accounts, are now living In Clover.

Ho, Ho!—The ways of mankind are dubious, as well as dark and sinful. We, recently, had occasion to make some sharp remarks on a performance which took place at a Broadway theatre, in this city, although for many weeks we had made very favorable mentions of the entertainments given, which they merited. A few days afterward we received a note from the manager, requesting us to "take out their advertisement," which request we immediately complied with, more especially as we never solicited the advertisement. We notice that in Philadelphia they occasionally have a "little unpleasantness" of the same kind. The Philadelphia *Sunday Mercury*, of Jan. 29th, says:—"We not long since declined the advertisement of the Walnut Street Theatre because the man appointed by Messrs. Booth and Clarke to manage it for them had the presumption to dictate to us *who should write the notices!*" We trust that our *Mercurial* brother is in error, for, if true, it implies that a sad state of affairs exists in the "City of Brotherly Love." That a paper should have the temerity to decline an advertisement for such a paltry reason is what surprises us. We begin to think that *all* independence has not yet been forfeited by the newspaper fraternity.

LIBEL SUITS.—Owing, probably, to the want of something better to do, we notice that quite a number of newspaper publishers and theatrical managers have put their heads together to "make history." To this end, the latter have sued the former, for libel, in stating those things which they ought not to have stated, and leaving unsaid those things which *might* have been said. Max Strakosch has sued a Rochester editor for calling the Nilsson concerts a swindle. Josh Hart, of the Globe Theatre, this city, has commenced proceedings against Messrs. Cauldwell & Whitney, of the *Sunday Mercury*, for sundry remarks concerning his domestic relations, called forth by a suit for divorce recently begun by Josh. Hart. Then Frank Leslie has been summoned to answer for an alleged libel in the *Day's Doings*, against somebody. In Philadelphia, Robert Fox, of the New American Theatre has sued Mr. J. H. Taggart & Son, of the *Sunday Times* of that city, for calling his dwelling house a disorderly place, etc. "Rich and racy developments" are looked for when these suits come to be tried on, and if *somebody* isn't hurt in the general melee set us down as a false prophet.

BALLS TO TAKE PLACE.—The Benevolent and Protective Order of Elks have decided upon Thursday, Feb. 9th, for theirs to take place at Irving Hall, this city, when and where a brilliant gathering will assemble, no doubt, to display their terpsichorean accomplishments. The benevolent character of the order is also calculated to enlarge the attendance, as it ought.....The New York Curling Club are to enjoy themselves on the light fantastic toe on Feb. 1st, at Apollo Hall, when the lassies will display their curly locks to their masculine admirers of curling in its several phases.....The Jacob Mander Association intend enjoying themselves at Harmonic Hall, this city, on Feb. 2d, in their meanderings of the giddy dance..... The Assistance Fire Engine Company, of Johnstown, Pa., have arranged for their fourth annual ball to take place on Feb. 20th, at Union Hall, when in appreciation of their prompt aid in time of need, a large attendance will, no doubt, be there to enjoy the pleasures of the evening. To each of these events we have been invited, for which we here express our thanks for kind remembrance, and wish them all a good time.

ANOTHER MAGNIFICENT PRESENT TO OOFTY.—"Oofty Goof," Gus. Phillips, Esq., the well known Dutch writer, was made happy on Saturday evening last, at Irving Hall in this city, by being presented with a magnificent American Club badge, set with diamonds. The badge is a splendid piece of workmanship and must have cost a great deal of money. It is of solid gold, while the letters of the words "Americus Club" are composed of diamonds; the tiger's eyes are also diamonds. On the rim is engraved:—"To Oofty Goof, as a token of regard from a few friends Jan. 1871." We congratulate Oofty, and hope that he may long live to wear and enjoy his beautiful present.

THE NEW YORK PRINTING COMPANY'S fourth annual reunion is arranged to take place at Apollo Hall, corner of Broadway and 28th street, on the evening of the 10th inst. That the event will be one of the most pleasant of the season is a foregone conclusion, because of the mirthful propensities of the company's *attaches*, and it is to be inferred that their ladies and invited guests are possessed of the same laudable tastes. We hope that the good time which has been so long coming will then have come.

THE RELEASED FENIAN PRISONERS, since their arrival in New York, have been so hunted down, surrounded and badgered by politicians who seem desirous of using them for political purposes, that the question arises whether they were not better off in their captivity than they are here. They had less difficulty in being released from British bondage than they experience in their efforts at release from American importunity.

ORION CLUB.—This Philadelphia organization will give its ninth annual ball and banquet in that city, at Horticultural Hall, on Wednesday evening, Feb. 8, and from the extensive preparations making by the managers, it promises to be one of the most attractive Terpsichorean entertainments of the season. We respectfully tender our thanks to the club for an invitation to attend and take part in the festivities.

LIBERAL.—The firemen of Bangor, Me., are paid from $45 to $50 per year for their services. At this rate, can it be called a paid fire department?

QUESTION AND CONNECTED WOE IN MASSACHUSETTS.—Will the rag-tossed, whisper-jawed, bandy-shanked, crooked-headed, pigeon-toed, goggle-eyed, knock-kneed, lobster-lipped, hyper-critical, blear-eye dagger'd, broken-backed, bat-winked, double-faced, unreclined, up-to-proof scoundrel, who stole the ax from this office, return the same, and receive the kick justly due him?—*Brook City.*

The unmitigated, unwashed, unassoiled, miserable swamp, scapegrace and scalawag, to steal an ax from the office of a printer! Such a miscreant would steal candy from a baby, and chinquapins from a blind squirrel! Take that ax back, you rascal! You can't get to heaven with stolen property in your possession! Pass him round, brothers. Warn everybody to beware of the black-hearted sneak thief!—*Fort Gibson Standard.*

Before joining in the hue and cry after this unfumigated and degraded vermin, this unadulterated, blood-sucking vampyre, this pandemoniac execration of a lost soul, this rotting carcass of a living corpse, this bloated spawn of a black concubine, this—well, before we say anything against the thief, we have a question to ask, and it is this:—Was the property stolen from our unfortunate brother an axe, pure and simple, or was it an "axe to grind," left with our respected contemporary by some aspiring contract jobber or political demagogue? If the former, the offence is bad enough, but if the latter then are words too tame to denounce this brute beast, this Probst, this pestilential skunk as he should be denounced. Until our question has been answered we decline to take part in the controversy, leaving others whose tastes are more in accord with billingsgate slang to pursue this living lie on humanity.

A PATENT MEDICINE MAN, in advertising his nostrums, says: "hundreds have experienced the most delightful effects from the use of my medicine." *But you* have failed to state, Mr. Medicine Man, that millions of individuals live to give evidence of *their* delight in *not* using it.

KNOCKING DOWN.—Cincinnati editors are fined $25 for knocking down impertinent visitors. The price is reasonable enough.

"OUR JIM" wants to know whether an individual who is a *life* member of a society—on the free list—is to be looked upon as a "*dead* head."

ARE THOSE LADIES who rejoice in the possession of a "*wealth* of golden hair" to be looked upon as *million hairs?*

HUNDREDS OF CONNECTICUT GIRLS are engaged in making rifle cartridges. Do these girls take any precaution to guard against *sparks?*

ICE BOATING.

THE SPORT ON THE HUDSON.

The cold weather of January coated the Hudson with ice a foot thick, and of course this opened the facilities for ice boating on the river. The Poughkeepsie Ice Boat Association has a fleet of nine fine boats:—Restless, D. H. Booth, commodore; Icicle (new), John Roosevelt; Una, Aaron Mines; Snow Squall, T. V. Johnson; Haze, Aaron Mines; Newsboy, C. Wilkinson; Ella (new), T. V. Johnston; Flying Dutchman, The. Van Kleeck, and Snow Flake, Thomas Parish.

The New Hamburg fleet consists of the following boats: Flying Cloud, Irving Grinnell, commodore; Qui Vive, F. Willis; Phantom, M. and A. Van Wyck; Quickstep, W. Ice Boy, Wm. Drake and Lawson; Scud, W. A. Lawson; Whiff, Irving Grinnell; Daisy, J. Losee, Jr. The flag is a swallow tail pennant, crimson, bisected by a diagonal stripe, white, containing the initials of the club in blue. At a late meeting the following resolutions were adopted:

Resolved, That in addition to a regular annual regatta to be confined to its own members, the club challenge the Poughkeepsie Ice Boat Association to a race for the championship.

Resolved, That in view of the inequality of races between large and small boats, and the certainty of the latter's defeat, there be a classification of boats, according to dimensions, into first and second classes; that all boats of the first class be excluded from entering against those of the second class, but the boats of the latter may, at the option of their owners, compete for either prize.

There is nothing in the way of exciting sport that can be compared to ice-boat racing. The motion is peculiar and exciting, both to the spectator and the rider. It is neither rolling nor bowling, but a flash-like darting—a direct cut against space and time. A very rude affair can be improvised for the sport. An old boat with steel runners, a new boat with rubber springs for iron-shod edges, sails of ordinary canvas and a rudder of steel, will well serve the purpose. A little practice with steering gear and rigging will enable one to guide the craft tolerably well—well enough, at least, to avoid weak places and airholes. Lately a most novel and exciting race took place between a boat of this sort and the express train, near Coeymans. The ice craft carried two gentlemen and three ladies. The Union colors fluttered at the mast-head. A part only of the canvass was up until the train was nearly abreast, when the whole was thrown to the gale. The ladies waved their hankerchiefs, the gentlemen their hats, and the ice-cutter actually leaped in its start. The quick eye of the engine driver saw the point at a glance, and with one hand he seized the lever and threw on all the steam, while with the other he opened the shrill throat of the whistle. The engine tore down the road, in whizzing the train of cars behind. The passengers soon were aroused to the situation. Windows were thrown up, handkerchiefs and hats were furiously waved and as excitedly responded to by those on board the ice-boat. The red hot engine seemed to comprehend the situation, and strained its iron nerves to the the utmost; the rails seemed to leap backward from the wheels, while the whole train sped ahead like an arrow. The boat glided on, still abreast, until swinging around a point and gaining a new impetus from the wind, it quickly took the lead until clear ice was passed and the snow crust impeded her progress. The dash was enough to show what such craft could do in competition with any kind of land locomotion. These ice-boats are becoming "all the rage" along the Hudson. Next year there will probably be a very large number in use. They are not expensive, and can be made safe for any contingency. Even should an air-hole be plunged into, the craft may be secure. The fleet which has its headquarters at Poughkeepsie is now the most complete of its kind in this country. Tests soon to be made will demonstrate all the points as to their speed, safety and general utility as a sporting apparatus.

It is reported that the first fatal accident in the history of ice-boating was that at Hudson on the day of the above race. It was an unavoidable collision, but ice-boatmen cannot account for it. One of the boats belonged to Athens, and was sailed by Ira Whiting. The other belonged to Hudson, and was sailed by Walter Worth. Each boat had five or six occupants. They were bound north, and rattling along at a very high rate of speed. Jacob Best, the young man who was killed, was on the Hudson boat, lying at full length on the starboard on the windward side, the Hudson boat being ahead about 100 feet. Suddenly one of her runners struck into a crack in the ice, and before the tillerman of the Athens boat could see the danger, his vessel, which was humming along at the rate of forty miles an hour, dashed into the Hudson boat. Her bowsprit struck young Best on the left breast, just above the heart, staving in his ribs. He cried "Oh dear!" once, gasped twice, and was a corpse. The escape of the other occupants was miraculous. As it was, they were not hurt.

DONALD DINNIE vs. THOS. MORRISSEY.

WHO IS CHAMPION ATHLETE?

The card from Thomas Morrissey, of Cincinnati, who aspires to excel in athletic feats, has induced Scotland's champion, Donald Dinnie, to send us the following communication, the terms offered in which are such as should meet with the approval of the member from Porkopolis. What has he to say? Shall we have a match or not? Read the answer:—

KINCARDINE O'NEIL, Scotland, Jan. 7th, 1871.

FRANK QUEEN.—DEAR SIR,—We have perused Thomas Morrissey's reply to my letter to you of Nov. 10th, and I may now state that as he offers to pay his own expenses to this side the "Atlantic" to meet me, I shall at once agree to the stakes being £30, as he wishes, and the contest to be decided by the Athletic Championship of the world. So, as he has stated ten feats to suit him, I shall state a like number:—Putting 16lbs., 22lbs. and 28lbs. stones; throwing 16lbs., 22lbs. and 28lbs. hammers; throwing 56lbs. weight by ring; throwing 56lbs. over bar; leaping a height, from which of course the majority, or eleven out of twenty, to win. I consider this the fairest way of deciding who is the best athlete, but it may not fully suit Morrissey. I am quite willing to refer the matter to the editor either of the New York *Clipper*, or *Bell's Life*, or any competent party, for them to decide what is the fairest mode of proving who is the best athlete. However, as Morrissey stated in his first that he would make the match in any of the contests he mentioned separate or in one, I am willing to do so, and have authorized him as editor of the first two feats he mentions; so, by writing out an agreement, signing and sending same to me, I shall sign and send it, accompanied with £30, as first deposit, to the editor of *Bell's Life*, Morrissey depositing the same amount there or with you. He can also have time and place to suit himself, if at all reasonable. Trusting that there may now be no drawback to this match, and awaiting Mr. Morrissey's reply, I am yours truly, DONALD DINNIE.

LA CROSSE ON THE ICE.—The first game of La Crosse played on skates this season took place at the Brooklyn Skating Rink on Thursday, Jan. 26th, and proved an exciting and interesting contest. The attendance was not large, as it happened to be played on the night of the great snow storm. A fine sheet of ice was provided, and the players of the Knickerbocker La Crosse Club were promptly on hand, not so the members of Manhattan Club, who were to have been their opponents on the occasion, the latter claiming that the notice was too short. They were again challenged for next Thursday, and no doubt this time will be ready to encounter the Knickerbockers. To supply the place of the absent Manhattans the young players of the Prescott Club, of Brooklyn, put in an appearance, and with six players on a side a match of three games was played between the two clubs, the contest being short and sweet, affording good practice for the more experienced Knickerbockers, as well as giving the Prescotts a little lively warming. The score below gives full particulars:—

KNICKERBOCKER.	PRESCOTT.
Wheeler, Field.	Wilson, Point.
Hopkins, Goal.	Carll, Goal.
Cluff, Home.	Waters, Cover Point.
Thompson, Point.	Lowry, Field.
Calder, Cover Point.	Darling, Field.
Ritchey, Field.	Mildrum, Home.

First Game—Knickerbockers won; time, 1m. Second Game—Knickerbockers won; time, 3m. Third Game—Prescotts won; time, 7m. Referees.—H. Chadwick and H. W. Clinton.

THE WRESTLING CHAMPIONSHIP.—McLAUGHLIN VS. DORRANCE.—There is now every prospect of a match for the championship belt between McLaughlin, the present holder, and Nathan L. Dorrance, as the subjoined letter from the first mentioned gentleman shows:—

BUFFALO, Jan. 27th, 1871.

FRANK QUEEN.—DEAR SIR.—With pleasure I acknowledge the receipt of a challenge from Mr. Dorrance, through your columns, to wrestle me, best two in three, according to the rules of wrestling, for $250 a side and the championship belt of the States, which I accept through the CLIPPER, as I have also done by telegraph. We were to meet here to-day to put up and sign articles. I expect him or his representative to-night. I am ready—money likewise. I will forward a copy of the articles as soon as completed. Yours,

J. H. MCLAUGHLIN, Champion Wrestler of America.

ENGLISH RACATELLE.—The return game of the match between the Thistle House and Brewery Shades came off on January 20th, at the former house. The game was 501 points up. The playing was much better than in the first game, and was won by the Thistle House, the score standing at the conclusion:—Jackson and Carson, 501; Campbell and Allen, 501.

JOHN TAYLOR writes to us from Sacramento, Cal., under date of Jan. 18th, saying that he has challenged Mowry (who disputes his claim to the title of champion rider) to ride 100 miles with 10 horses, 60 days from signing articles, but had up to that time received no response.

TEN-PINS AND BALLS, as well as Indian clubs, base ball bats, gymnastic implements, etc., can be had of Mr. R. Pyne, of 143 Dock street, Philadelphia, whose card may be seen in another column. Mr. Pyne has made a specialty of turning ten-pins and balls.

DEATH'S DOINGS.

Weekly Record of the Decease of Prominent Individuals.

COMPILED EXPRESSLY FOR THE NEW YORK CLIPPER.

ATLESBURY, the Earl—This deceased nobleman, Hennage was the eldest son of Hennage Finch, Earl of Aylesford, and Baron of Guernsey, in the peerage of England, by Lady Augusta Sophia Greville, fourth daughter of George, second Earl of Warwick, and was, consequently, brother of the Countess of Dartmouth. He was born 24th of December, 1824, and married, May 7th, 1846, Jane, only daughter and heir of the late Mr. John Wightwick Knightly, of Barry-off Church, Warwickshire—London, Eng., Jan. 19th, aged 47.

ALLEN, Lewis A.—For several years a local reporter on the daily press of Cincinnati—Cincinnati, Ohio, Jan. 27th.

BEDFORD, Paul—Actor, &c. See elsewhere.

BEATY, William—Proprietor of the Museum Concert Hall, Wolverhampton—Wolverhampton, Eng., Jan. 11th, aged 56.

BENTINCK, Lord Henry William—Brother and heir-presumptive to the present duke. The deceased was born in 1804, and was educated at Christ Church, Oxford. He represented North Nottinghamshire in parliament from 1846 to 1847, and was a family trustee of the British Museum. Arriving at his hunting-box on the 8th inst., the following day he went out shooting with several gentlemen; but on the following Saturday evening he was found dead in his bed, having died from syncope—near Louth, Lincolnshire, Eng., Jan. 7th, aged 57.

BLACKENRIDGE, The Hon. H. M.—The subject of this obituary, a veteran writer and politician, joined in his career the prominent events of two generations. Having been born in Pittsburgh, when its meagre settlement stood the foreguard on the verge of civilization, he grew up under the rude inspiration of frontier life. His relatives sent him to Louisiana for an education, and in the old fashioned college at St. Genevieve he acquired the foundation of his after usefulness. Leaving school, he studied law, and soon began its practice in Maryland. An unstable disposition, however, soon led him westward, and in 1811 he descended the Ohio and Mississippi rivers on a flatboat and soon after his arrival in Louisiana was appointed Deputy Attorney-General of the Territory of Orleans, before it was made a state. At the age of 23 he was appointed District Judge, and, the better to qualify himself in his high office, he mastered perfectly the Spanish language. Sympathizing earnestly with the measures of Clay, Brackenridge exerted a vigorous pen in defence of that statesman's views on the South American republics, and kindred questions. He wrote in 1813 a history of the war of 1812, which was soon after translated into French and Italian. Over the signature of "American" he addressed to President Monroe a remarkable pamphlet on nationalities, which, being republished in England, came under the notice of the Spanish Minister, who at once replied to it. In 1817 he was appointed Commissioner to the South American Republics, and on his return published the "Voyage to South America" alluded to by Humboldt as containing an "extraordinary mass of information." In 1821 Brackenridge lent his great abilities to General Jackson in Florida, where his linguistic acquirements came well into play. This special service ended, he was again appointed to the judiciary of the Western Circuit, and, after ten years' service, removed

at the Grand Rapids Skating Rink, on Jan. 21st, was quite a success. About 1,000 persons were present. The number of masqueraders was very large, and many of the costumes were beautiful. The champion lady skaters, the Misses Mattie Marvin and Mary Young, were appropriately and neatly attired. A young gentleman who, judging from his costume, hailed from the land of dikes and Dutchmen, won the prize awarded to the best gentleman skater. Messrs. A. B. Turner, Geo. Judd and H. M. Fowler were appointed to judge of the merits of the contestants. W. H. French and J. E. Stewart, champion skaters of the state, drew large crowds on Tuesday and Wednesday evenings. The Valley City Band was present.

SPORTS AT THE BROOKLYN RINK.—There was a carnival at the Brooklyn Rink on Jan. 23d, but it was a failure as far as the fancy dress features were concerned. On Jan. 26th they had an interesting series of games of La Crosse on skates at the rink, in which the members of the Prescott and Knickerbocker Clubs took part, the latter winning two games out of three. A match is to be played again Feb. 2d, between the Manhattan and Knickerbocker Clubs. On Jan. 26th a lively match at football took place at the Brooklyn Rink, which was very exciting.

CRICKET ON ICE.—Having had baseball on ice this winter, cricket is now in order. A match is on the tapis between cricketers—who are also skaters—of New York and Brooklyn, to be played on the Capitoline pond, which the proprietors have rendered for the purpose. A practice match is to be played at 2 P. M. on Wednesday, Feb. 1st, in which members of the Manhattan, Willow, St. George and New York Clubs are invited to participate. The grand match will then be arranged.

AQUATIC.

THE PROPOSED INTERNATIONAL FOUR-OARED RACE.

We publish herewith articles of agreement for another four-oared match between the Tyne champion crew, of Newcastle, Eng., and the Paris crew, of St. John, N. B., together with a letter from Robert Fulton, received by Jas. Renforth on Jan. 12th. We learn that Renforth has written to Fulton, stating that the only objection he has to the articles is the last clause, which he considers unnecessary, as long as he takes with him the best crew to be found in England. There are at present three crews which claim the honor of being the "best Tyne four," and the proper way would be to have them engage in a sweepstakes, so that the one entitled to this position may be duly vered. Though it would afford satisfaction for the New Brunswick men to meet and defeat the same men who vanquished them at Lachine last September, still a victory over a four containing the best man in said crew, and three others considered better than his former companions, would bring additional honor; therefore, the Paris crew should not refuse to make such a match, especially as it is probable that the original Renforth champion four cannot again be got together. Read the following:—

Articles of agreement between James Renforth and three others, forming the Tyne champion crew of Newcastle-upon-Tyne, England, and Robert Fulton and three others, forming the Paris crew (so called) of St. John, N. B., for a four-oared boat race, on the Kennebecassis river, near St. John, New Brunswick, in August, 1871.

It is mutually understood and agreed between the two crews as follows:—

1. That they shall row a four-oared race in the best boats each crew can get, on the Kennebecassis river, over the usual regatta course, on the 23d day of August, 1871; the distance to be six miles (three up river from Torryburn Cove, and back again) for the sum of five hundred pounds sterling a side and the Championship, the St. John (Parisian crew to row without a coxswain, and the Tyne crew to have the right of rowing with or without one, as they may see fit.

2. The boats to start from points, buoy or line, such points, buoys or distances on line to be not less than thirty yards apart, and to row a distance of three miles up river, where there shall be two stake boats, and turn each boat its own stake boat, being the one on its own side at starting, turn to be made from left to right, and back to the line of starting, such turning stake boats to be one hundred yards apart.

3. The race to be rowed as above stated on the 23d of August, 1871, between the hours of 7 and 10 o'clock, A. M., if the water is perfectly smooth. If the water is in the opinion of the umpires, or in case of disagreement by decision of the referee, is not smooth, the referee shall be empowered to postpone the race to the same hours on the day following, and so on from day to day, until the state of water is favorable.

4. One half of the stakes to be deposited by each party in the hands of the Hon. Thomas R. Jones, of St. John, on the signing of these articles, and the remaining half to be so deposited not later than the 10th day of August, 1871. Either party failing to make such latter deposit within ten days of the specified time, to forfeit the amount previously deposited.

5. The crews will nominate their respective umpires and distance judges two days before the race, and at the same time agree upon a referee.

6. The referee, when appointed, shall be fully empowered to settle all and every matter of dispute which may arise. He shall also act as starter.

7. The distance judges shall be stationed on or near their respective stake-boats.

8. In consideration of the expense incurred by the Tyne crew in consequence of the race being rowed on the Kennebecassis river, near St. John, N. B., the St. John (Paris) crew hereby bind themselves to pay to the Tyne crew not later than the 15th day of August, 1871, and after their arrival at St. John, N. B., the sum of £300 sterling.

9. The Tyne crew hereby bind themselves not to row any race prior to the 23d day of August, 1871, during their absence from home, at any place in North America (St. John, N. B., excepted). The St. John (Paris) crew hereby bind themselves to the same.

10. It is also understood and agreed that, except in case of sickness or accident, the two crews shall consist of the same men who rowed at Lachine on the 15th day of September, 1870.

In witness whereof the parties have here under affixed their names this —— day of ——.

Accompanying the above articles, Robert Fulton, on behalf of the St. John crew, writes as follows:—

ST. JOHN, Dec. 28, 1870.

MR. JAMES RENFORTH, CHAMPION SCULLER OF ENGLAND.—DEAR SIR.—I wrote you under date of the 26th of November, acknowledging the receipt of your letter of October 25th, in which you offer proposals for another match between the Tyne Champion Four and our crew. I have laid your letter before the other members of the crew and our friends, and they thank you for thus giving us an opportunity for another contest, and they accept your offer to row on St. John waters. I enclose a set of articles for the match, based, as you proposed, upon those used for our Lachine race. If these meet your approval you can sign them and return one of our signatures. If you had anything objectionable in them you can send us a draft of your ideas, and we shall endeavor to meet them if possible. In the event of your coming here, I can safely guarantee you a cordial welcome from our citizens, their consuls and friendly treatment while you remain here, and a sincere desire for a fair, honest race, and this the crew will make every effort to have carried out. The course we have selected is, we think, a very good one. It is easy of access, is perfectly straight and free from all obstructions; has no currents which can be taken advantage of by either party, and is reliable for average smooth water during the summer months, the best hour being the time we have specified in the articles. You can easily get training quarters either on the St. John river or near the course. The gentleman we have selected as stakeholder, the Hon. Thomas R. Jones, is of high commercial standing, and is well known to Canadian oarsmen. We shall be happy to obtain your views on the subject at your earliest convenience. I remain, yours truly,

ALEX. W. SCOTT, Secretary R. H. Y. C.

James Taylor, Esq., representative of the Tyne Crew, Newcastle-on-Tyne, England.

THE TRIGGER.

PIGEON SHOOTING IN CANADA.—Miller, of Markham, not feeling content with his defeat by Ward on Jan. 24th, challenged him again to shoot for $50 a side, at thirty snow birds each, 18 yards rise and 80 boundary, Ward giving Miller five dead birds. The match came off on the 25th ult., on the Don Flats, and a select party was present. The weather was beautifully fine, but intensely cold, and rather too bright for good shooting. Snow birds were not to be had, so red poles were substituted and Ward opened the ball by making a pretty shot and killing a strong bird which went away to the right at a rattling pace. His second bird was brought down neatly, but he missed the third; the fourth fell over the trap, and the fifth shot resulted in the champion scoring a duck egg. Miller then took up the shooting, commencing at his sixth bird, as per arrangement, and missing his two first shots, which were comparatively easy ones. He complained of the sun being too bright and of his never having shot at red poles before. Ward killed his next eight birds, missing his fourteenth, but adding the next nine to his score; he missed his twenty-fourth and killed the next one, but failed in his twenty-sixth. This made a total of 21 birds out of 26. Miller shot very badly, and had no chance with Ward from start to finish. He alternated between hits and misses, the latter, exclusive of the five birds given him, preponderating, until he had fired his twenty-sixth shot, when, of course, he could neither tie nor win; so he gave up the contest. His total score was 15. Miller is a very decent shot, but no match for Ward. Still, notwithstanding his double defeat, he has issued a challenge to Ward, to shoot at 50 single pigeons each, for $300, $100 forfeit, the match to come off at Whitby, between the 14th and 20th of March. Ward accepts, and the money will be up in a few days. The Markhamites still believe in their man, although they didn't risk much upon the red pole affair. Ward says he has two amateurs whom he will back at either 25 snow birds or the same number of pigeons, at 21 yards rise, for any sum from $10 to $100, against any amateur in the Dominion. Man and money ready at any time at Mr. Varcoe's, Toronto.

SLEIGHING.—The drama of "Under the Snow" has been performed in the metropolis and vicinity continuously during the past week, and the curtain has not yet been dropped upon the scene, though from the moderate rise of the temperature at present writing the end seemingly draws nigh. It has been a long time since our citizens have been favored with such an opportunity to indulge their fondness for the pleasures incidental to sleighing, and all who have a passion therefor, and have been able to take the time, and rake together a sufficient amount of lucre to pay the piper, have done their best to cut a dash upon the road. From morning till night, and from night until morn, the various fashionable drives, as well as the principal city thoroughfares, have swarmed with turns-out of every kind, stylish and uncouth, while the air has been filled with echoes of the merry, merry bells," and innumerable hearts have been made light and happy—all of which has been recorded upon the profit side of the books of livery stable proprietors, who charged exorbitantly for their vehicles, and reaped a rich harvest from the rush of pleasure-seekers. Light-salaried clerks vied with our moneyed men in doing the brilliant, mortgaging their weekly allowance for some time to come in the endeavor to create a favorable impression upon the object of their adoration, and doubtless many a match for life was made as fast trotters drew susceptible youths and love lorn damsels o'er the sparkling snow. The storms which afforded the opportunity for these pleasures were not devoid of discomfort, however, as those who have found it necessary to indulge in pedestrianism, and the large number who depend upon horse cars, etc., to convey them to and from their distant residences, can testify, for the deep snow considerably interfered with travel. Still, the old adage, "The an ill wind that blows nobody any good," was verified in this instance, for many a stamp was made by those who sadly needed it in clearing away the annoying contributions of Mother Carey, which, though appreciated upon "the road," are not desirable within the city limits. As we go to press there is a decided change in the weather, appearances indicating a speedy thaw, which will convert our streets into miniature rivers of slush to the detriment of polished calf skin and immaculate feminine under gear.

THE RING.

THE GREAT MATCH OF THE DAY,

BETWEEN

JAMES MACE AND JOSEPH COBURN FOR $2,000.

Nearly two months have passed since the heroes of the fight that didn't come off upon the soil of old Ireland, six years ago, signed articles to do battle with the weapons provided by nature, and thus put an end to the dispute so long existing between them. Up to the present time everything has gone on favorably, attesting the earnestness of the principals, and this gratifying state of affairs has naturally caused a gradual change in the opinions of those who, when the match was entered into, were inclined to be skeptical, regarding the true intentions of one or other of the principals as to doubt the *bona fide* character of the match upon the part of both. There are some, of course, who still adhere to their first impressions, but as time rolls on and the balance of the money is posted, all lingering doubts will be removed from their minds. The cards which have passed between Mace and Coburn indicate very plainly their deep feeling of antagonism towards each other and their firm determination that the present match shall be the means of finally settling their differences. As regards the question of championship, though no mention is made thereof in the articles of agreement, we cannot conceive why Mace should object to having the title included in the issue of the pending encounter, for if he should prove the conqueror there would then be no one to gainsay his right to the title, and if he should suffer defeat in a fair, manly battle, any claim he might make thereto, on account of a previous victory, would carry little or no weight with it, as everybody would consider Coburn the better man, and justly entitled to the honors pertaining to the position. In fact, Mace having voluntarily relinquished it (admitting that he secured it by defeating Tom Allen), debars him from again claiming it rightfully until he wins it by a fight, or secures it through the refusal of any person to accept a challenge issued by him to contend therefor. Consequently the approaching battle is, in reality, for the championship, and will be so considered by all. As for ourselves, we care not a whit what may be dependant upon the result, nor which man proves the victor, desiring only that perfect fairness may characterize the engagement; but we make these remarks in order that our readers may have a proper understanding of the matter. The next and final deposit of five hundred dollars from each must be forthcoming ere the close of the present month, and shortly subsequent to its posting the rival gladiators will commence in real earnest the preparatory work essential to fit them for the ordeal. Each has continued to take exercise of a light description since our last impression, and this fact, combined with their abstemiousness, goes to show that they attach due importance to the work they have on hand; and they are right in so doing, for each has much at stake in the present match, and whoever neglects aught that may exercise a bearing upon the issue favorable to himself may have cause to regret his folly. Coburn was at his headquarters, the Observatory Hotel, Ninetieth street and Fifth avenue, all last week, and reaped quite a harvest of greenbacks from the frequent visits of sleighing parties. He has his gymnasium in thorough working order, and many took occasion to inspect it during their sojourn, one of the chief attractions being the immense black bloodhound which Joe some time ago procured from Mr. Allen, the celebrated fancier, for the purpose of accompanying him when he takes his daily tramps, and which weighs, we understand, over 200 pounds. Coburn was to leave on Sunday night, or Monday for Boston, where he is to give an exhibition on the evening of January 31st at the Olympic Theatre. From thence he proposes to visit Providence, Springfield, Hartford, etc., for a like purpose, but the dates have not yet been fixed. Mace remains at his handsome establishment, the Capitol, 69 West Twenty-third street, and has entertained numerous callers the past week. Like Joe, he has his whole soul in the match, as is evinced by the care he is thus early exercising to better his physical condition, under the eye of the experienced Jim Cusick.

THE RAT BAIT CASE.—Our readers will remember that sometime prior to the demise of Kit Burns, a descent was made by President Bergh, of the Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals, and a squad of police upon his premises while a rat bait was in progress, and the whole party taken prisoners, the authorities likewise capturing two valuable dogs—one a white bull-terrier—and the other black and tan, and a cage of rats, the letter being dumped into the East River. The prisoners were arraigned before Judge Dowling, charged by Mr. Bergh with the heinous offence of rat killing, and were released on bail. On the 26th ult., the party was again arraigned, but the trial was again postponed, the defendants being liberated on bail. Mrs. Burns being desirous of obtaining possession of the dogs, sought an interview with Mr. Bergh, and was informed that the animals had been made away with. She afterwards learned, however, that they were alive and held as evidence for the conviction of the defendants, upon which she appealed to Superintendent Kelso, who promised to use his exertions to have the dogs returned to her. So far, however, her efforts have failed, and she has resolved to sue Mr. Bergh for $200—the actual value of the animals—though poor Kit was once offered double that amount for the bull. She will likewise enter suit for the sum of $18, the alleged value of the cage of rats destroyed.

AARON AND COLLINS.—Tim Collins has failed to make known his intentions in regard to the proposed match with Barney Aaron, at 150lbs., though it was confidently expected that the letter of acceptance from Jack Rooke, on Aaron's behalf, published last week, would have brought a favorable reply, as also money to support Tim's big challenge. What's the meaning of this backwardness, as that sable orator, Hugh Dougherty, Esq., would say? If the proposals made in Dick's letter don't suit Collins let him say so, expressing his wishes, and, perhaps, a compromise may be effected.

PATSEY KENNEDY, an employee in the San Francisc Glass Works, and Jule Bollier, who works at the Pacific Glass Works, having had some difficulty, repaired to a vacant lot at the first Long Bridge, San Francisco, Cal., on the 14th ult., and proceeded to settle it in accordance with the recognized rules. A ring was formed, seconds chosen, etc., and they pummeled away through thirteen rounds, when the police appeared and caused a stampede. They were to meet again and settle it, but hadn't done so at last advices.

JOE COBURN IN FIGHTING COSTUME.—In view of the impending conflict between the old rivals, Joe Coburn and Jem Mace, a very fine lithograph of the Man of Armagh has been just gotten up, representing Coburn in fighting attitude, with record of matches up to date. To be had only of Ed. James, the publisher. Mr. J. also has an excellent lithograph, to match, of Jem Mace, with record, etc.

HICKEN AND NEARY.—The Fourth Ward boxer, Teddy Neary, has kept mum since Harry Hicken picked up the gauntlet he had thrown with such a flourish, which doesn't look well for Mister Ted., and if he don't come out flat footed and define his position without delay his reputation as a right meaning, ambitious boxer, will suffer in consequence, sure. Time!

THE FUNERAL OF JIMMY HAGGERTY took place from the residence of his mother, northeast corner of Twenty-third and Filbert streets, Philadelphia, on Sunday afternoon, 29th ult., and was largely attended, a number being present from New York and Baltimore. He was 27 years and 8 months old at the time of his death.

"DONKEY" NEARY, a battered Brummagem bruiser, is up for a benefit at Sam Simmonds,' 173 Warren street, Newark, N. J., on Monday evening, Feb. 6th. He will have the assistance of most of the denizens of the silk and hat making village.

FALLEN THROUGH.—The match mentioned last week as having been partly effected between Barney Aaron and George Seddons has come to nought, the gentleman who put up for the latter having declined to proceed with it and paid forfeit, thus effectually spoiling sport.

JIM SHEA, the popular sporting man of the Hub of the Universe, and who has interested himself deeply in the case of Ned O'Baldwin, paid a flying visit to the metropolis last week. He looks as blooming as ever—but he isn't cut out for a long distance pedestrian.

"GREGG," the well known metropolitan sport, has taken the premises No. 2 Amity street, and had a grand opening on the night of the 28th ult., at which numerous friends "assisted," including a delegation of the B. P. O. of Elks.

DAN NOBLE AND BILL CONNORS had a rough and tumble fight in this city a few days ago, during which the latter was severely handled and Dan. had a couple of fingers badly "chewed."

TEDDY NEARY had a very fair house at his benefit at the Arbor, West Houston street, on Jan. 24th.

WE HAVE LETTERS for Joe Coburn (2), Patsey Sheppard (2), James Harris and John W. Cozad.

PEDESTRIANISM.

LETTER FROM JOHN HAYDOCK.

Below we present a communication written to us by John Haydock, in contradiction of a statement contained in a past issue regarding the cause of his arrest. He is deserving of much sympathy in view of the circumstances connected with his arrest and conviction, and very many would be pleased to learn that there is a prospect of a pardon being granted him:—

HOUSE OF CORRECTION, East Cambridge, Mass.

FRANK QUEEN.—DEAR SIR.—In the chronology of sporting events for the year 1870, published in the CLIPPER of Jan. 8th, I read among them words like these:—"John Haydock, arrested for picking the pockets of people decorating soldiers' graves, &c." This has caused a depressed feeling and compelled me to write this letter. It is now about eight months since I was arrested and charged with the alleged crime of picking pockets. I have allowed false statements to pass by uncontradicted, but this I cannot pass without a reply. I deny most emphatically being arrested at the decoration of soldiers' graves. I was arrested at a place called Monument Square, within twenty yards of the Boston depot, at Lowell, whilst waiting for the train to take me to Boston. There were no soldiers' graves within a mile of this place. I am not a pickpocket. I got into this trouble accidently and innocently. Being a pedestrian it caused me to mingle with all classes of men. On the day that I was arrested, unfortunately, I got with the wrong party. It being celebration day, I drank and was joyous, and kept with my company instead of leaving, though not committing, or having received property without any knowledge of it having been stolen. If I had not been drinking I should not have been with the company that I was in, but it is no use bringing the past back; will be a bitter lesson to me. I feel my position most sensitively. I have been dealt with very unfairly, having no other prosecutor than a prejudiced constable, who swore falsely against me, and being John Haydock, pedestrian, from New York. I was sentenced to three years' imprisonment. They would not accept recommendations from New York, saying they were worthless. This being my first offence and taking into consideration the peculiar way in which I was arrested, I think I deserve much allowance. I also deny having pocket-books and jewelry on my person at the time of my arrest, having but one pocket-book and two watches—one that I used for the track, it having an independent second-hand. In conclusion, allow me to say that I have held some good positions in New York, which I save up to follow pedestrianism, having a liking for exercise; and always being interested in sporting matters since boyhood, I was ambitious to excel in some kind of sport, which I should have done if it had not been for this trouble. I am certainly a victim to prejudice, they refusing bail in my case and hindering me from obtaining bail. There is a class of people in the New England States who look on sporting men as if it was utterly impossible for one of said men to be a gentleman, but I have found better and better hearted men among sports than I have among men that call themselves Christians. Yours respectfully, JOHN HAYDOCK.

DAILLEBOUT DEFEATED BY HINDLE.—The 2,000 yards sweepstakes between Daillebout (the Indian), R. McKinstray and R. Hindle, each putting down $25, came off on Jan. 7th, at the Powderhall Grounds, Edinburgh, Scotland. A sleety snow fell nearly throughout the day, and on the approach of the hour fixed for the contest the grounds presented a comfortless aspect. The Indian and Hindle alone came forward to contend, McKinstray having forfeited, and this circumstance in a great measure lessened the enthusiasm in the event. Hindle has always been looked upon as a rare good runner at a mile, and although on the present occasion the distance was twice as far, further, it was generally believed he would beat Daillebout, especially as the latter was much out of condition. It is needless to enter into the previous performances of the men, as these are now generally well known. On the pistol being fired the Indian went off in advance, and soon led Hindle by nearly two yards. At the finish of the first lap he was still in front, and this position he kept during the following three laps (four laps and 340yds. being required to complete the distance). On entering the straight for the finish Hindle went up to his man, passed Daillebout without any difficulty, and won quite easily by fully half a dozen yards. Time for the first lap was 1min. 5sec.; second, 1min. 12½sec.; third, 1min. 18½sec.; fourth, 1min. 19½sec., the whole distance being accomplished in 5min. 42sec.

GREAT FOOT RACE IN AUSTRALIA.—On Oct. 15th, 1870, the great match between Frank Hewitt, of England, and J. G. Harris, the celebrated Australian runner, for £300 a side and the championship, at the distance of 150 and 200 yards, was decided on the Albert grounds, Sydney, Australia, about 1,500 persons being in attendance. First came the 200 yards race, and the men got off on very fair terms. When they had run about 30 yards Harris took the lead and from thence was never headed, winning by about a breast. As they came round the turn the pace was very hot indeed, and in answer to cries of "Hewitt wins" from the spectators, the latter made a desperate effort at the finish, but which was of no avail. The competitors came in for a great deal of applause at the termination of the contest. Time, 21¼sec. The 150 yards race followed, and they bounded away at the first attempt. If anything, Hewitt had a trifle the best of it, and he reached away in front, taking a good lead. The men, however, were hardly at their top speed for the first 60 yards, and when they had traveled about 90 yards Harris put on a good spurt, but could not catch his opponent, who won by hardly half a yard. Time, 15½sec.

RACING IN CANADA.—Arrangements have been made to have a couple of days' racing on the ice at Ashbridges Bay, about three miles from Toronto, C. W., during the first week in Feb. Mr. S. D Page, the well known pool seller, is the secretary and some handsome purses will be trotted for.

BILLIARDS.

THE $500 CONTEST IN BOSTON.

CYRILLE DION AGAIN BEATS EDWARD DANIELS.

The match between Cyrille Dion, of this city, and Edward Daniels, of Boston, was played at Bumstead Hall, in the last mentioned city, on the night of the 24th ult., under the efficient management of Mr. Oscar Bosworth. The game was three-ball, caroms, 300 points up, crotch prohibited, 2⅜ths balls, on a 5½x11 table. Dion won the lead, and almost at the start got in a run of 26, which, coupled with ill luck on the part of Daniels, took the wind out of the latter's sails. In less than two hours the contest was over, Dion winning by the unexampled score of 300 to 131. Daniels made double figures but twice, and then the number was only 12. It was the fourth contest between these men, but the first at the three-ball game. In 1865, they played for $250 a side in gold, Daniels losing by 1,500 against 728 in a four-ball game, with push and crotch allowed. In the tournament of 1866 Dion again won, in a game of 500, and in the following year played for $250 a side, without push and crotch. Dion won by a score of 1,000 to 770. The score of the contest on the 24th is appended:—

Dion. Count.	Tot.	Daniels. Count.	Tot.	Dion. Count.	Tot.	Daniels. Count.	Tot.
1.... 0	0	3	3	39.... 1	163	0	48
2.... 26	26	5	7	40.... 1	164	4	52
3.... 6	32	0	7	41.... 2	166	3	55
4.... 0	32	1	8	42.... 1	167	4	59
5.... 0	32	0	8	43.... 0	167	0	59
6.... 0	32	4	12	44.... 1	168	0	59
7.... 0	32	0	12	45.... 1	170	1	60
8.... 3	35	7	19	46.... 3	173	0	60
9.... 3	35	0	19	47.... 3	176	0	60
10.... 0	35	0	19	48.... 0	176	0	62
11.... 1	36	0	19	49.... 1	177	0	67
12.... 2	38	2	21	50.... 2	178	2	69
13.... 0	38	2	23	51.... 17	195	0	69
14.... 1	39	2	25	52.... 6	201	1	70
15.... 14	53	0	25	53.... 0	201	4	74
16.... 1	54	0	30	54.... 0	201	2	76
17.... 2	56	0	30	55.... 2	203	12	88
18.... 2	58	1	31	56.... 1	204	0	88
19.... 0	58	1	32	57.... 1	205	2	90
20.... 0	58	1	32	58.... 9	214	0	90
21.... 0	58	0	32	59.... 1	215	6	96
22.... 0	58	1	33	60.... 2	217	1	97
23.... 0	61	0	33	61....19	236	0	97
24....15	76	2	35	62.... 1	237	5	102
25.... 0	76	1	36	63.... 5	242	1	103
26.... 0	76	0	36	64.... 13	255	0	103
27.... 3	79	0	36	65.... 0	255	0	103
28.... 0	79	1	37	66.... 9	264	0	103
29....38	117	2	39	67.... 7	271	3	106
30.... 0	117	2	41	68.... 2	273	12	118
31.... 0	117	0	39	69.... 1	274	0	118
32.... 0	117	0	39	70.... 4	278	4	122
33.... 2	119	1	40	71.... 0	278	3	125
34.... 0	119	1	41	72.... 6	284	1	126
35.... 1	122	0	41	73.... 7	291	2	128
36.... 0	122	0	41	74.... 3	294	3	131
37....25	147	2	43	75.... 6	300		
38....15	162	5	48				

SUMMARY.—HUMSTEAD HALL, Jan. 24th, 1871.—Match at French caroms, 300 points up, for $500. Points scored—Dion, 300; Daniels, 131. Average—Dion, 4; Daniels, 1 57-74. Time of game—One hour and fifty-five minutes.

THE SAN FRANCISCO MATCH—DEERY BEATS JOSEPH DION FOR $1,000.—At Platt's Hall, San Francisco, on the 26th ult., Joseph Dion and John Deery played their third match since the former's arrival in that city. Having won the first two, Dion was emboldened to proffer Deery the odds of 100 in 600 at the three-ball game, for $500 a side. Of course Deery at once accepted, and the match was set down for the 21st ult., but had to be deferred until the 26th, the hall being engaged. The telegraph brings us the result. Dion started off well, being but 16 behind at the 44th innings. At the close, however, the score stood 600 for Deery, to 471, for his antagonist, the latter losing by 21 on an even game—one less than the number by which he defeated Deery two weeks before. The latter's average in his successful game was 3 98-134, and his best run, 567. The best run of Dion was 42.

PLUNKETT VS. NELMS.—An interesting match game of billiards was played at Frick's Billiard Hall, Lancaster, Pa., on Thursday evening, Jan. 26th, between E. J. Plunkett and E. H. Nelms. The game was the American four-ball, 1,500 points, each carom to count three, on a Sharp carom table, 11x5½, with 2⅜ths balls. The following is the score:—

Plunkett—0, 6, 39, 6, 45, 42, 18, 6, 78, 30, 54, 0, 0, 57, 18, 108, 57, 0, 0, 3, 0, 30, 6, 33, 90, 0, 3, 132, 0, 30, 60, 0, 12, 3, 0, 45, 15, 39, 108, 123, 135—total 1,449.

Nelms—30, 39, 45, 12, 0, 30, 147, 75, 21, 3, 81, 39, 0, 99, 9, 33, 87, 0, 18, 0, 108, 117, 81, 15, 6, 21, 39, 75, 9, 33, 54, 3, 21, 18, 3, 9, 3, 51, 21, 51, 3—total 1,500.

Plunkett's average, 35 5-41; largest run, 135. Nelms' average, 36 24-41; largest run, 147. Time of game—3 hours and 30 minutes.

CONTEST IN MONTREAL.—DEROME VS WATSON.—At the rooms of Mr. C. B. Chadwick, Montreal, on the 19th ult., Alphonse Derome, of that city, and Spark B. Watson, of St. Albans, contended in a game of caroms, on a 5½x11 Standard American table, the score of which is affixed:—

Watson—30, 21, 0, 3, 0, 21, 27, 0, 78, 3, 12, 0, 0, 0, 27, 0, 6, 0, 135, 84, 30, 21, 21, 0, 3, 9, 15, 99, 39, 3, 3, 7, 6, 18, 12, 12, 3, 93, 39, 132, 51, 3, 6, 39, 0, 15, 9, 48, 0, 25. Total, 1,230.

Derome—0, 12, 3, 3, 3, 0, 3, 18, 51, 9, 0, 99, 15, 6, 3, 3, 3, 0, 93, 0, 39, 51, 15, 6, 0, 3, 12, 9, 132, 0, 9, 21, 21, 0, 0, 12, 9, 0, 81, 6, 0, 7, 6, 0, 0, 21, 3, 3, 6, 9, 42, 3. Total, 790. Average, 15 5-26.

THE LONG ISLAND CHAMPIONSHIP.—At Samuel's' rooms, Brooklyn, on the 26th, Messrs. Kirby and Vanderwerker crossed cues for the amateur championship of Long Island, in a carom game of 500 points, which the first named gentleman won by 125 points. The winner's best run was 87, and average 9 33-52. The loser's average was 7 11-52, and best run 27.

PARKER VS. J. DION.—The latter has offered Parker $250 in gold, as traveling expenses, to go to San Francisco and play him two games—a three-ball and a four-ball—for $500 or $1,000 a side. Between the new rooms in Chicago and the Northwestern tournament, the champion has his hands full at present. Were it not so long a journey he would accommodate Joseph without hesitation.

GANNON disputes Meaney's claim to the title of champion of Ireland, and offers to play him a home-and-home match of 1,000 points, for £25 a side, or says he'll give any man in Ireland 200 points in 1,000.

RUDOLPHE VS. C. DION.—It transpires that Rudolphe, when he verbally proposed to play Cyrille Dion "at any time for $1000"—meant at the three-ball game.

THE MUTUAL NINE FOR 1871 COMPLETE.—The friends of the crack club of our city, the famous Mutuals, will be glad to learn that the Mutual nine for 1871, is now complete, and it includes the following list of strong players:—C. Mills, Wolters, Start, Ferguson, C. Smith, James White, Hatfield, Eggler and Paterson, with Martin as substitute. This is a "red hot" team and no mistake, and we can now look forward to seeing the whip pennant fly from the Mutual flag staff in 1871, with none to question their legitimate right to the trophy. Won't they go for their rivals though. White will play short field, and Ferguson at second. Harry Wright will have to get his nine in tip-top order to escape defeat. The Mutuals have elected the most effective board of directors they have yet had, the gentlemen composing it including Messrs. Thos. Cowan, Jas. McConnell, Jas. Gorry and Jas. Hays. In fact, the Mutuals never entered upon a season so auspiciously as they will the coming one. A splendid list of prizes will be given the players at the close of the season, if they win every game played.

AMUSEMENTS.

NIBLO'S GARDEN.
SPECIAL NOTICE. SPECIAL NOTICE
THE BLACK CROOK REMODELED.
THE BLACK CROOK REMODELED.
Introduction of an
ENTIRELY NEW GRAND BALLET
ENTITLED
THE DEMON'S REVEL.
First appearance here of
THE CELEBRATED RIZARELLI BROTHERS,
the Gymnasts of the world.
MONS. SEGRESTIONE AND HIS TWO BEAUTIFUL BOYS.
Debut of the Sisters Scridia, in their
WONDERFUL POLKA D'ECHASSE.
SEVENTH WEEK OF THE GREAT MAJILTONS,
AND MOE AND GOODRICH, THE GREAT SKATERS.
WITH ALL THE SUPERB SCENERY
BRILLIANT EFFECTS,
MAGNIFICENT TABLEAU,
SATURDAY MATINEE AT 1½. 44-1t

SAN FRANCISCO MINSTRELS,
586 BROADWAY.
BIRCH, WAMBOLD, BERNARD AND BACKUS'
SAN FRANCISCO MINSTRELS.
Immense success of WAMBOLD'S new ballad,
GOD BLESS THE LITTLE CHURCH AROUND THE CORNER.
BILLY BIRCH. CHARLEY BACKUS.
W. BERNARD, BILLY WILSON,
ROLLIN HOWARD, JOHNNY QUEEN,
BILLY EMMETT, J. F. OBERLIST,
IN FAVORITE ACTS.
BURLESQUE OPERA OF
LES BRIGANDS. 44-1t

THEATRE COMIQUE,
514 BROADWAY, OPPOSITE ST. NICHOLAS.
BUTLER & GILMORE..... .....Managers.
MONS. LA THORNE .....Stage Manager.
THE BEST BILL OF THE SEASON.
BALLET, PANTOMIME, BURLESQUE,
Ethiopian Extravaganzas, Wonderful Gymnastics,
THE FAMOUS LAURI TROUPE,
in the beautiful pantomime of
THE FIRE FIEND, OR, THE FIRE FIEND. THE FIRE FIEND.
BRIGAND'S DAUGHTERS.
MLLE. GALLETTI AND GRAND BALLET TROUPE,
BLANCHE AND GEORGE LEOPOLD,
IN THEIR TERRIFIC MID AIR FEATS.
HUGHEY DOUGHERTY. HUGHEY DOUGHERTY.
ASHCROFT AND MORTON.
STEWART, ARLINGTON, COE, WAMBOLD, BATTLER,
IN THEIR SIDE SPLITTING NEGRO COMICALITIES.
ALL THE GREAT TROUPE WILL APPEAR.
Matinee Wednesday and Saturday Afternoons at 2½ o'clock. 44-1t

TONY PASTOR'S
OPERA HOUSE,
IMMENSE AND UNPARALLELED SUCCESS OF
ADA WEAY'S
FEMALE MINSTRELS. FEMALE MINSTRELS.
FEMALE MINSTRELS. FEMALE MINSTRELS.
FEMALE MINSTRELS. FEMALE MINSTRELS.
ADDITIONAL ATTRACTION
SEVEN THIS WEEK.
First appearance of the celebrated vocalists,
THE STEVENS SISTERS.
First appearance of the great Cuban gymnast,
FERNANDEZ FLORES.
First appearance of the distinguished comedienne,
MISS NETTIE TAYLOR.
First time of an entirely new comic drama, called
THE SCHOOL GIRLS OF THE PERIOD.
THE SCHOOL GIRLS OF THE PERIOD.
TONY PASTOR AND ALL THE STAR TROUPE.
MATINEES WEDNESDAY AND SATURDAY AT 2½. 44-1t

BOWERY THEATRE.
W. B. FRELIGH..... Manager
LAST NIGHTS OF
SEE-SAW!
and the
HERNANDES FOSTER TROUPE,
Nightly received with
SHOUTS OF DELIGHT
BY HOUSES CROWDED TO REPLETION.
The Pantomime concludes at 11 o'clock.
The performance will commence with the
PASTOR'S DAUGHTER.
FRIDAY EVENING, FAREWELL BENEFIT OF
HERNANDES FOSTER,
and last appearance but one of the Troupe, in consequence of other engagements.
GRAND SEE-SAW MATINEE
EVERY SATURDAY, AT 2 O'CLOCK. 44-1t

COL. T. ALLSTON BROWN'S
DRAMATIC AND MUSICAL AGENCY,
No. 643 BROADWAY.
DULY AUTHORIZED LONDON AGENTS,
PARRAVICINI AND CORBYN,
49 DUKE STREET, ST. JAMES, S. W.
44

THE WALHALLA
TROUPE,
the greatest combination in America, can be secured for their truly wonderful GYMNASTIC AND ACROBATIC ACTS, their delightfully beautiful
TABLEAUX VIVANTS,
and their bewildering and transcendantly unapproachable
PRISMATIC FOUNTAINS.
Now at the Globe Theatre, this city. All communications to be addressed to COL. T. ALLSTON BROWN. 44-1t

OPERA HOUSE,
FIFTH AVENUE, PITTSBURGH.
V. E. BEAMER..... LESSER
This well-established place of amusement having been leased by the well-known manager, V. E. BEAMER, was opened on Monday, January 23d, for the proper representation of
BURLESQUE, COMEDY, DRAMA, V

THE BOGUS JOUR. PRINTER.

WRITTEN FOR THE NEW YORK CLIPPER.
BY MAGLUEN.

A fair looking Sardine, though dead broke and lazy,
With tolerable clothes and an easy address,
Determined, if could be, to raise a stake somehow;
Ten dimes he wanted and nota cus. less.
Small sums he had borrowed, from friends flush and lucky,
And dead loads of queer he had shoved like a man;
In confidence games he had oft proved successful,
And drank with the crowd as an old drinker can.

He was known quite extensive in curb stone transactions,
And sweners, with petitions, as he tried him to sell;
E'en newspapers owned labor, to give him the go by,
For dead broke he was and all knew it too well.
To run a hard cheek was a quinby vocation,
And capable for git'emages was them very queer;
So something was needed that smacked of sensation,
A printer he'd be without favor or fear.

Approaching a foreman in a large down town office,
"Can you give me a sit, sir?" he asked in good style;
"Full up," was the answer, "though sorry to tell you,
With one quite sufficient at last for a while."
Then the hat was passed round for this bogus Jour. Printer,
And cash at the case gave a mite to the tramp;
With thanks overflowing he left them carousing,
The best of Jour. Printer, this rascally scamp.

A second attempt then he made further down town—
"Can you give me a case, sir?" he asked in true tone;
"Just short of a hand, you can take off your coat, sir,
And throw in this matter that is dead on the stone."
Distribute a galley? Ye gods he felt puzzled;
With a handful of type, not a word had he said,
Till he threw them in headings—with the confident suasion,
"To your places respective—you all stands dead."

He was helped from the office in business like manner—
The toe of a boot gave him life on his way;
While the devil, in anger, froze on to a mallet,
And forced recollection for many a day.
This Sardine will trouble no other, 'tis certain,
For "stand off" an office when ducats are brief;
And a lesson he's taught to afflicted outsiders,
That bogus Jour. Printers in time come to grief.

"OUD ON DER FLY."—NO. 19.

WRITTEN FOR THE NEW YORK CLIPPER.
BY OOFTY GOOFT.

Leedle bid sharb dis morning, old man; I shoodn'd be exbrised dot ve shall got a change of vedder. Dot don'd made me a difference vat kind ve have, to hafe, rain, shnow, hail or sunshiney somepody vill crowl und gife der crand kick. I shbose dot makes a heab of madder mit der glerk of der vedder of dot suids us or of dot don'd; no doubd dot verries him like der doose of dwo or dree shoemagers und dailors crowls cause dere don'd vas shnow on der cround on der fourd of Jewly, chaud cause dey kin borrer a shleigh easier dot dime dan any oder; dot vas mine vay mit him. He heard dem gry. Dey dell me dot dey hafe shblendid shleighing ub here und I rudder dink dot's so doo, bud I can'd see id so fur. Ven I firsd come ub dey said:—"Vait dill der shtow gids here, ve'll show you a barrel of fun." Bud der shnow dot aind got here already und dot looks now as of dot vas bosdboned on cound of der vedder. Ven der shnow *does* gid here dot generally shdays, und dey somedimes has the sleighing dwo or dree years right along, shdead of course dey hafe inderminated for refreshments, say 15 minudes ad a dime.

Sharley, shdob dalking so loud, here comes His Excellend Excellency der Gofernor of der Embire Shdade, John T. Hoffman. Misder Hoffman is a fine orador, a good lawyer, a vise shdadesman und a dorough gendleman. He is a man of der beeple und he vas voted by dem from der boddom of der barrel indider to der dop. He has serfed der Demogradic bardy in a goot many cabacities und in every von he has gone oud mit flying colors und hosds of friends. He has been Recorder, Mayor of der Cidy of New York und Gofernor. Dere may be yed higher honors in shdore for him, und no von in der vorld vill be more glad to hear of id dan us. He is shboken of in connection mit der Presidency, und his friends say dot he vill be nameinated to succeed der balance of Useless S. Grant der volcanic shdadesman. Vedder he is or aind he vill life in der hearts of der Amerigan beeple long after his body dot's mouldy in der ground. I hafe got a card of invidasion to his recebshion nexd Vensday nighd, und, of you iook oud for yourself, you kin pud on your shbild- dail coad und vite gloves und vent mit me. I dond vas sure dot I vill go in grad affairs, for I von door und vow und oud of anudder, drough in fife minudes. Dwo hours und a haff to dress for a dwo minudes und a haff recebtion.

Dis rudder shdoud gendlemen is Senador William M. Tweed. Misder Tweed has been a bublic man boody nuch all his life und I don'd shbose he cood leef mit oud der exidemend of id. He is a verry vise boildshlen—looks a long vard ahead und vell does dot vas going mit dinking id all ofer shred. He is a varm friend to any von dot efer done him a kindness or who he dinks is vordy of his friendship. He nefer vas known to go back on any von mitoud dey made him do id, und he has made more young men dan brobably any man in der coundry. I know of ad least a dozen. Sometime ago he gifed der boor of his vard, der Sefend, fifty dousand dollars, und asked dem nodding to said about id, but id got oud und efery von heerd of id. Led me dell you, Sharley, dot dose $50,000 aind a marker for vat he has gifed avay dot der vorld vill nefer know anyding aboud. Dere aind a day goes efer his head dot he don'd gife avay at least a dousand dollars. His hand is always oben und dere's always someding in id, do. Beeple may dalk so much as dey blease bound der Commissioner Bupie Yorks, bud, led me dell you, Sharley, of dere vas more men like him dis vood be a heab better coundry as id is, und ve'd hafe more goot men in id.

Dis shdoud gendleman, mit dem viskers growing oud of his collar, is der Monorable Henry Smith or "Hank," as dey used to call him ven he vas cabdain of a canal boad und used to vear "sefen ub" pants. He is to-day Rebresendative vat Misder Dweed is to der Demogradic. He has peen a hard vorker in his dime und has carfed his vay to der bosishion he now oggubies. He has a large head und a long head, und vat he don'd know aind vorth knowing. He has filed a dread many imbordant Lesishions, und is now von of der Bolice Commissioners of der Cidy of New York und is vell liked by efery von. Misder Dimes Breeden di Orandnirgus Giving, und efery von, Demograds und Rebuplicans, likes him boody vell. He is boody vell fixed und kin dank "Hank" for id more dan any von else. Ven he dells you anyding you kin shvear dot id's so, und he's vo d's as goot as a dwendy dollar gold biece. He is largely inderesded in a dread many enderbrises und his business, as vell as his "ancillary" gwalities, are No. 1. A. Somedime ago his friends in New York made him a bresent of a set of silfer dot cost more as $4,000, und dose dot vas dere say dot he dookid mitoud flinching. Bully for him.

You hafe often heerd boud Peder Sweeney, didn'd you? Vell, dis gendleman mit dot dick head of black hair is him. Dot's Peder Brains, und he is von of der solid men und der verry head und frond of Dammany Hall. Him und Senador Tweed are der leaders of der Demogradic bardy in dis shdade, und der bardy vot is not far disdand dot, of dey leef, ven dey vil be der leaders of der Demogradic bardy in der coundry. Like der read of der gread men, Misder Sweeney gommenced a boor boy, und, by hard vork, he has succeded in raising himself ub to vere he is. He nefer runs for a office himself—always puds somevon else in office, bud always dakes goot care dot der von he puds in is all righd. Misder Sweeney leefs in der 23d Ward of der Cidy of New York und is vell known by efervon dere. He vas Cidy Shamberlain of New York Cidy for some dime and is now Bresident of der Commissioners of Bublic Parks. He is said to be vell fixed und has nopody to find fault mit for making any money for him. He is rudder inglined to keeb oud of shgd, as he hades nodoriedy, und ven he goes anyvere he generally does id on der gwiet. He is a shmard man, shmart Dammany bolidician, bud gendleman.

Dis gendleman is W. J. Florence, Esq., der eminend comedian, und a fine gendleman und a goot acdor, he is doo. Billy is been on der boards a goot vile und has been verry successful, hafing made bold a name und a fordune. He is now blaying to growded houses ad der Obera Houss und is a dread favoride mit der Alpany beeples. Billy was born in dis blace und der beeples are all bround of him; dey say dot der day he was born efery von was so glad dot dey sed all der bells a ringing und der sogers all durned oud. He is a nice gendleman und he kin cound his friends by der dousands in efery blace he is efer been. Der New Yorkers dey dink a heab of Billy Florence, und of you vand a nice leedle shandy efer your eye, or a Manard soof pud on, you jusd say someding aginsd Billy ven dere is any New Yorkers round.

Him and Benney Williams is brudders-in-law und dey are dwo nice fellers. Billy dells me dot he's going to blay a Dudch characder und I kinder dink dot he'll make jusd so big a hit in dot as he has in Irish. He's a fine acdor and a berfect gendleman, und no madder vere he is or vat he blays, he's always der same Billy, und he's friends vond forgot him.

DO BEEN CONDINUED.

MASKED BALLS.

WRITTEN FOR THE NEW YORK CLIPPER.

In New York, the taste and temper of the people being suitable, I do not see why *bals d'opera* should not become at least a usual institution. A masquerade ball is not necessarily an immoral amusement, although, it must be confessed, it is one which, when carried to excess, is not calculated to promote that distant deportment which Chesterfield inculcated. If enterprising managers will only give New York a chance of disporting itself occasionally in masquerade, there is little doubt that the institution would become a profitable and a permanent one. Masked balls are at the height of their jollity at 1 o'clock in the morning. It is not until the stiffness and formality of the first few hours at a masked ball are overcome that the real fun of the entertainment commences. Ladies and gentlemen who, an hour ago, did not know each other from Adam, suddenly become quite intimate, and ephemeral friendship is at once concluded. The majority are, of course, masked or half masked, but some go merely for the pleasure of looking at other people enjoying themselves, and prefer to remain uncovered. The greatest amusement is during the promenade which succeeds every dance, when all the different characters, in their picturesque costumes, mingle in grotesque confusion. What a carnival of fun and jollity it is! Jokes and *badinage* are bandied about from one to another, and everything is taken with great good humor. Even the kicks which are so freely bestowed upon that lanky individual in the brown Holland suit do not seem to disturb his equanimity a whit. It is of a piece with the character he has assumed, and he must fain be content with the kicks as well as the pleasantries. But there are other characters represented in masquerade balls whose personators it would be injudicious to kick. Charles the First appears to be a great favorite with the masquers, but whether from the fact that he wore a beard and imperial, or was beheaded, I am unable to determine. Peasant girls in very short dresses, calculated to display some of the beauties of the feminine figure, are very plentiful, as also are counts, nights, marchionesses, Gustavus Adolphuses, Officies of the Peace, and a host of other characters of a past age. He with what litheness the harlequin yonder turns his graceful *pirouette* and bows—till his mask nigh touches the ground—to the equally graceful columbine! The columbine, by the way, is a young actress, who has taken the opportunity to revisit, in masquerade, the scene of her triumph.

There should be no regular supper at a masquerade ball. Everything else is so delightfully novel and irregular that the fashion of sitting down in a body to supper, and unmasking, destroys the illusion which the masquerade is intended to create. Supper is a prosaic matter, after all, and a masquerade ball is anything but a prosaic matter, so the two things do not harmonise well. It is better for the Marchionees de Brinvilliers to take a glass of champagne deantily into her jewelled fingers, or eat an ice from the Sevres plate held so deferentially by Perrin than to be led into the supper room with the greatest formality by his majesty Charles the First.

At 1 o'clock in the morning, as I have said, the fun at ball *d'opera* is at its height, but do not imagine that it cannot then. A few of the more decorous visitors may go away as early as 1 o'clock, and the attendance of ladies is especially thinned at about that hour, but with the majority of the maskers the fun grows more furious as the time grows late, and it is not until 4 or 5 o'clock in the morning that the last guests leave, to resume the prosaic avocations of the day.

MARK TWAIN ON SABINE.

What a ludicrous satire it was upon Christian charity!—even upon the vague, theoretical idea of it, which doubtless this small saint mouths from his own pulpit every Sunday. Contemplate this freak of nature, and think what a Cardiff giant of self-righteousness is crowded in his pigmy skin. If we probe and dissect and lay open this diseased, this cancerous piety of his, we are forced to the conviction that it is the production of an impression on his part that his guild do about all the good that is done in the earth, and hence, are better than common clay—hence are competent to say to such as George Holland, "You are unworthy; you are a play-actor, and consequently a sinner; I cannot take the responsibility of recommending you to the mercy of Heaven." It must have had its origin in that impression, else he would have thought, "We are all instruments for the carrying out of God's purposes; it is not for me to pass judgment upon your appointed share of the work, or to praise or to revile it; I have divine authority for it that we are *all* sinners, and therefore it is not for me to discriminate and say, we will supplicate for this sinner, for he was a merchant, prince or a banker, but we will beseech no forgiveness for this other one, for he was a play-actor." It surely requires the farthest possible reach of self-righteousness to enable a man to lift his scornful nose in the air and turn his back upon so poor and pitiable a thing as a dead stranger come to beg the last kindness that humanity can do in its behalf. This creature has violated the letter of the gospel and judged George Holland—not George Holland either, but his *profession* through him. Then it is in a measure fair that we judge this creature's guild through *him*. In effect he has said—"We are the salt of the earth; we do all the good work that is done; to learn how to be good and do good, men must come to us; actors and such are obstacles to moral progress." Pray look at the thing reasonably for a moment, laying aside all biases of education and custom. If a common public impression is fair evidence of a thing, then this minister's legitimate, recognized and acceptable business is to *tell* people calmly, coldly, and in stiff, written sentences, from the pulpit, to go and do right, be just, be merciful, be charitable. And his congregation forget it all between church and home. But for fifty years it was George Holland's business, on the stage, to *make* his audience go and do right, and be just, merciful and charitable—because by his living, breathing, feeling, pictures, he showed them what it *was* to do these things, and how to do them, and how instant and ample was the reward! Is it not a singular teacher of men, this reverend gentleman, who is so poorly informed himself as to put the whole stage under ban, and say:—"I do not think it teaches moral lessons?"

Where was ever a sermon preached that could make filial ingratitude so hateful to men as the sinful play of "King Lear?" Or, where was there ever a sermon that could so convince men of the wrong and the cruelty of harboring a pampered and unanalyzed jealousy as the sinful play of "Othello?" And where are there ten preachers who can stand in the pulpit teaching heroism, unselfish devotion and lofty patriotism, and hold their own against any one of five hundred William Tells that can be raised up upon the hundred stages in the land at a day's notice? It is almost fair and just to ever (although it is profanity) that nine-tenths of all the kindness and forbearance, and Christian charity, and generosity in the hearts of the American people to-day, got there by being filtered down from their fountain-head, the gospel of Christ, *through dramas, and tragedies, and comedies on the stage, and through the deep red words and the Christmas story*, and through the thousand and one lessons, suggestions, and narratives of generous deeds that stir the pulses, and exalt and augment the nobility of the nation day by day from the teeming columns of ten thousand newspapers, and NOT from the drowsy pulpit!

All that is great and good in our particular civilization came straight from the hand of Jesus Christ and many creatures, and of divers sorts, were doubtless appointed to disseminate it; and let us believe that *this seed and the result* are the main thing, and not the cut of the sower's garment; and that whosoever, in his way and according to his opportunity, sows the one and produces the other, has done nigh service and worthy. And further, let us try with all our strength to believe that whenever old simple-hearted George Holland went into his field and reared his crop of broader charities and better impulses in men's hearts, it was just as acceptable before the Throne as if the seed had been scattered in vapid platitudes from the pulpit of the ineffable Sabine himself.

Am I saying that the pulpit does not do its share towards disseminating the marrow, the meat of the gospel of Christ? (For we are not talking of ceremonies and wire-drawn creeds now, but the living heart and soul of what is pretty often only a spectre.)

No, I am not saying that. The pulpit teaches assemblages of people twice a week—nearly two hours altogether—and does what it can in that time. The theatre teaches large audiences seven times a week—28 or 30 hours altogether; and the novels and newspaper plead and argue, and illustrate, stir, move, thrill, thunder, urge, persuade and supplicate at the rate of millions and millions of people every single day, and all day long, and far into the night; and so these vast agencies till nine-tenths of the vineyard, and the pulpit the other tenth. Yet now and then some complacent blind idiot says:—"You unannointed are coarse clay and useless; you are not as we, the regenerators of the world; go, bury yourselves elsewhere, for we cannot take the responsibility of recommending lilers and sinners to the yearning mercy of Heaven." How *does* a soul like that stay in a carcase without getting mixed up with the secretions and sweated out through the pores? Think of this insect condemning the whole theatrical service as a disseminator of bad morals because it has Black Crooks in it; forgetting that if it were sufficient ground, people would condemn the pulpit because it had Cooke, and Kalloche, and Sabines in it.

No, I am not trying to rob the pulpit of any atom of its full share and credit in the work of disseminating the meat and marrow of the gospel of Christ; but I am trying to get a moment's hearing for worthy agencies in the same work, that with overwrought modesty seldom or never claim a recognition of their great services. I am aware that the pulpit does its excellent one tenth (and credits itself with it now and then, though most of the time a press of business causes it to forget it); I am aware that in its honest and well meaning way it bores the people with uninflammable truisms about doing good; bores them with correct compositions on charity; bores them, chloroforms them, stupefies them with argumentative mercy without a flaw in the grammar, or an emotion which the minister could put in the right place if he turned his back and took his finger off the manuscript. And in doing these things the pulpit is doing its duty, and let us believe that it is likewise doing its best, and doing it in the most harmless and respectable way. And so I have said, and shall keep on saying, let us give the pulpit its full share of credit in elevating and ennobling the people; but when a pulpit takes to itself authority to pass judgment upon the work and the worth of just as legitimate an instrument of God as itself, who spent a long life preaching from the stage the self-same gospel without the alteration of a single sentiment or a single axiom of right, it is fair and just that somebody who believes that actors were made for a high and good purpose, and that they *accomplish the object of their creation*, and accomplish it well, to protest, and, having protested, it is also fair and just—being driven to it, as it were—to whisper to the Sabine pattern of clergymen, under the breath, a simple, instructive truth, and say:—"Ministers are not the only servants of God upon earth, nor His most efficient ones, either, by a very long distance." Sensible ministers already know this, and it may do the other kind good to find it out.

But to cease teaching and go back to the beginning again, was it not pitiable, that spectacle? Honored and honorable old George Holland, whose theatrical ministry had for fifty years softened hard hearts, bred generosity in cold ones, kindled emotion in dead ones, uplifted base ones, broadened bigoted ones and made many and many a stricken one glad and filled it brim full of gratitude, figuratively spit upon in his unoffending coffin by this crawling, slimy, sanctimonious, self-righteous reptile!—*Galaxy.*

A LOOK AT OUR POST OFFICE.

WRITTEN FOR THE NEW YORK CLIPPER.

Our Post Office in Nassau street is, perhaps, the most dilapidated and least creditable to the city. But despite the dilapidated appearance of the Post Office outside, everything inside it is as busy as the traditional bee. Business is conducted there with the mathematical exactitude of an automaton. As you pass in at either of the dingy little doors you will see, especially at one o'clock in the day, hundreds of persons waiting to send letters, to fetch letters, to buy stamps, to cash orders, to get orders for cash, to inquire after missing letters, or to return those that have been missing, and to perform a thousand other little duties which the postal communication of a great nation necessitates. That long row of persons, one end of which is at the box and the other end far into the street, is composed of people who wish to buy stamps; they are scrupulously exact about the courtesy "of turn," and if you are not content to commence at the end and take your turn in due season, you stand an excellent chance of never getting your stamp at all. Passing round the corner you will see long lists of advertised letters—letters left till called for, letters returned to the office, and letters addressed to dissolute inmates by despairing parents. What a tragedy in those letters; what heart breaking appeals; what scathing reproaches; what tender and loving counsel! Well have you, Mr. Dickens, expatiated upon the fearful power of a drop of ink! It is the intellectual life-blood of the world, for ever ebbing and flowing; forever being shed, like human blood, in good and evil causes!

But see! as we ascend the steps to get that little tribune of an order cashed we are afforded a glimpse into the inner mysteries of the Post Office. Below the money-order office, as you will see, there are four or five large tables, upon which lie thousands—tens of thousands of letters. Business letters, addressed in the fine Roman hand of the clerk; literary letters, written in such hazy hieroglyphics that even the chevalier Keady might be proud of them; dear little ladies' letters, in pink envelopes and scented rose-colored note paper; money lenders' letters and the letters of money borrowers. What a pile of correspondence! It would take you or I a hundred years to sort them, and yet see how deftly the clerks below deal and separate them! Not a letter is misplaced, no matter that a single letter, written by you, *machere*, to your friend Miss Miggs, should reach its destination as surely as the day arrives? These clerks, who run over the correspondence of the world so dexterously with the tips of their fingers, are inured to their work, and have a sort of *esprit du corps* among them which, next to the performance of their duty, leads them to be specially careful of their letters. What a misfortune would it be if that letter of yours, my dear, had miscarried; there would be weeping in Irving place, and Miss Miggs would have refused to be comforted—until the next post arrived. But how much greater would be the misfortune if letters of great merchants—letters which determine the price of commodities of the world—were to go astray! There is no chance of that, however, as we have said. The Post Office we only regret that the Corporation have not a fine building in which to do justice to the expertness of their clerks. But the time *may* come when the new post office in the City Hall Park will be completed.

SPORT WITH A CINNAMON BEAR.—Mr. Kissig, a gunsmith on Lawrence street, Central City, Col., went out for a little sport a few days since, and wandered as far as Hackett's ranch, about 18 miles from the town. In his travels he encountered a large cinnamon bear, and succeeded in lodging a rifle ball in him. This exasperated Mr. Bruin, when he went for the gunsmith before he was prepared for him, upon which Mr. Kissig took to a tree. Failing to rise in the world as rapidly as circumstances called for, Bruin attacked him in the rear, not only tearing his coat and unmentionables, but inflicting some pretty severe wounds and bringing him down upon the ground. Here they had a long tussle, during which Kissig got in a couple of good cuts with a long hunting knife, but just as he was about to get the worst of it his dog came to the rescue, attacking the bear fiercely, and diverting his attention from Kissig, who now escaped. The dog returned pretty well cut up, and the next day the bear was found dead, the shot and cuts having done the work.

CUPID'S FOIBLES, FOLLIES AND FANCIES.

BEWARE!

WRITTEN FOR THE NEW YORK CLIPPER.
BY H. B. H.

Beware lest the glistening eyes
That sparkle around your way,
Like ignes-fatui rise
And flatter your heart astray;
To your head and your heart have a watchful care—
Of the bright beaming eyes, oh, beware! beware!!

Beware of each rosy lip,
That tempts with its honey-dew;
'Tis nectar, but never sip,
Lest poison it prove to you:
Remember and taste not; escape the snare;
Of the red ruby lips, oh, beware! beware!!

Beware of the clustering curls
Which hang around beauty's neck;
They're the banner which cupid unfurls,
His love-lighted fortress to deck:
To toy with those ringlets, ah, never dare;
There's mischief within them—beware! beware!!

Beware of these beauties combined—
Beware lest they capture your heart—
Beware lest too late you shall find
Yourself bound by Cupid's own dart:
Beware of the honied words spoke by the fair—
Beware of their arts—oh, beware! beware!!

LOVE SNUFFED OUT.

THE EXPERIENCES OF AN EX-MINISTER OF THE SEVENTH STREET (NEW YORK) CHURCH AT A CHICAGO BOARDING HOUSE—NILSSON, JEALOUSY, MACCOOBOY AND THE ROD.

A startling illustration of the extent of the infelicity that has grown out of the Nilsson epidemic has just come to the surface. On yesterday afternoon a gentleman named W. H. Knapp, of the firm of Knapp, Volwell & Co., whose place of business is No. 167 Dearborn street, called at the office of Justice Summerfield and desired a warrant for the arrest of Mrs. Mary E. Mills and her son, Charles Mills, on the charge of assault with intent to do bodily injury. Upon investigation the facts in the case were ascertained to be as follows:—In the early part of last spring Mr. Knapp became acquainted with Mrs. Mills at the boarding house of Mrs. Pinney, on Wabash avenue, where both of them were staying. According to the statement of Mrs. Mills, at the inception of their acquaintance she felt an antipathy towards Knapp, although he was represented to be a very pious and honorable gentleman. Mr. Knapp paid many attentions to her, and on every occasion treated her with courtesy and even gallantry. Soon after their acquaintance began she made a visit to the country, where she had not remained long before she received a letter from Mr. Knapp, which was full of friendly and warm expressions. In company with a female friend she concocted a reply to the author of the *billet-doux*, which was intended to ridicule him, but which, it appears, did not have the desired effect, as it was shortly followed by another still more earnest appeal to her affections, in which his love was protested in the strongest terms. He also requested permission to follow her to the rural districts, and, before an answer could reach him, was on his way to the object of his adoration. After their return to Chicago he still continually devoted his time and attentions to her, although her repeated refusals to receive his appeals were enough to discourage almost any man. In this way matters continued for some time, until Mrs. Mills

OPENED A BOARDING HOUSE

at No. 499 Wabash avenue, when Mr. Knapp came to live at her house. Up to this time her dislike to him had been openly expressed; but, strange to say, all at once a change came o'er the spirit of her dream; her hatred was changed to love, as though some wandering, wayward Puck had sprinkled on her eyelids the essence of another "little western flower," which maidens call "love-in-idleness." His quiet, unassuming manners, his staid and pious demeanor, his long devotion, all told upon the heart of the fair widow, who, for eleven long years, had lamented the loss of her husband. A term of comparative bliss ensued. They lived and loved together, he representing himself to be a man of strictly religious habits and domestic inclinations, and who, pacing implicit confidence in his statements, that even the murmurings and whisperings among her other boarders did not disturb the serenity of their feelings.

THE NILSSON EPIDEMIC.

In November, when the coming of Nilsson was the topic of conversation, Knapp promised to procure tickets for them both; but when Nilsson was giving her first concerts, and although her musical powers were the daily topic of conversation at the table of Mrs. Mills, Knapp made no advances towards carrying out the agreement of November. Mrs. Mills probably attributed this apparent neglect to the delicacy which he, as a religious man, might feel about escorting her to the notorious opera house, or even to an entertainment of an exclusively secular nature. She was, therefore, greatly comforted when he told her that he had procured seats for the oratorio at Farwell Hall, and looked forward to attending the sacred entertainment in his company with unalloyed pleasure.

THE GREEN-EYED MONSTER.

It would be impossible, therefore, to describe her feelings of mortification and dismay when, on the day before the oratorio, he informed her that he had received a letter from a lady in Des Moines, Iowa, who was coming to Chicago to hear Nilsson, and who he was desirous to have accompany them on the occasion. Moreover, the terms of the letter, which he showed her, she deemed too confidential and familiar for a man holding the relations which he did, so she indignantly refused to accompany him, under the circumstances.

The lady from Iowa, who was the unsuspecting cause of so much trouble, came on the morning of the oratorio, and was met by Knapp, according to agreement, at the depot, and conveyed to the house of a mutual friend on the West side. In the evening, Mr. Knapp and the Iowa lady li tened to the sweet strains of the Northern songstress, while the neglected widow remained

DISCONSOLATE AT HOME.

For three days nothing was said in the house of Mrs. Mills about the conduct of Knapp. On Tuesday evening, however, the jealousy and rage of Mrs. Mills became uncontrollable. She accordingly summoned him to her apartment while he was engaged in the fascinating game of backgammon with one of the boarders of the house. He replied that he would soon be in his room, where he would be pleased to have her call again sent word that she would be at home all and did not wish to leave her apartment lest she should take cold, as he had no fire in his room. In accordance with her request, he called at her room and was pleasantly received, although she accused him of lacerating her heart by his cruel conduct. She then thanked him for his many kindnesses, and finally stated that, as she wished to close up her business relations and leave the city, she would be pleased to have him hand over to her the sum of $600 and $600 of her money which he had collected for her at various times. This he declined to do, on the ground that he had become responsible by giving his note for $1,000 to secure debts owed by her. He then left her room and went to his own and retired.

What occurred next is best told in the testimony at the police court on the following day:—W. H. Knapp testified that, after having had an interview with Mrs. Mills, he went to bed; there was a door between his room and Mrs. Mills'; the boy usually lodged with him; he went to sleep, but was awakened by the opening of the door, when Mrs. Mills approached and threw a quantity of snuff into his eyes, nose and mouth; she then commenced striking him with the rawhide; he jumped out of bed, caught hold of her, threw her down on the trunk, when the boy assaulted him from behind; he put the boy out of the room and took hold of the woman again and held her on the floor until she promised to behave; the other boarders came in and stopped the fight.

A MINISTER.

On the cross-examination the witness stated that *he had been a Methodist minister, connected with the Seventh Street Church, New York;* had never broken off his connection with the church; had been in the army; was not cashiered; became acquainted with Mrs. Mills in May last; was not accustomed to going to the theatre; went to see Booth; did not consider it a breach of good morals; had not been born with a conscience; went to the *Tribune* office and told them about it; had taken grapes and flowers to the house, and gave them to the ladies who came first; always thought Mrs. Mills was a nice woman; was engaged to marry her conditionally; was married already, but had been alone for three or four years; if he should get a divorce and Mrs. Mills continued to please him, he might marry her—that was the understanding; got a divorce in January, and had urged him to press the divorce suit; once asked the boy how he "would like to have me for a father;" the whip that Mrs. Mills used was larger than the lawyer's little finger; took the whip away from her and struck her oftener than she did him, and harder; it was not play; he took hold of her where he could; it might have been her throat; put his knees on her and held her down for a moment.

Question—Were you in the habit of praying together?

The Court—No matter; they fought together.

Question—Don't you think she served you right? Objected to, and objection sustained.

Question—Didn't you tell the boy that when you got to Riverside he should have a separate bed and a carriage? Objected to, and objection sustained.

Judge Austin—They were courting then.

Judge Bradwell—He did a good deal of ministerial courting.

The witness said he did not want to beat the woman; wipped her with the lash when she was on the trunk.

After arguments by counsel for defence, Justice Banyon, who, during the arguments, had been anxiously watching the course of the clock's minute hand as it passed his dinner hour, then spoke up and said:—Whatever difficulties and contentions may take place between a man and woman, there certainly can be no justification for either of them taking the law into their own hands. The prosecuting witness gave his evidence in a very fair, straightforward way as to the nature of the assault. Now, as far as the danger of snuff goes in blinding anybody, we have so many of these things here so frequently before us that we know it is no such thing. Therefore, so far as the charge of snuff making the man blind, it is perfectly out altogether. The question then is as to the assault itself. The prosecuting witness states that it was a small whip, and certainly no jury would hold that to be as in the state warrant it is laid down.

I shall, therefore, consider it my duty to change from the state warrant to the city ordinance. As for the child, this boy 12 or 14 years old, he was instigated, no doubt, by his mother; therefore, I shall discharge the boy and inflict a fine of $50 on the defendant.—*Chicago Times, Jan. 19th.*

SHOT BY HER LOVER.

For one year and a half past, Henry Kohrs, a young man of about twenty years of age, the son of a well-to-do citizen of our neighboring city of Covington, has been paying attentions to Miss Philomena Wellinghoff, the daughter of a mechanic residing on Philadelphia street, in that city. During this time he has been remarkably tenacious of his privileges in that direction, and has exhibited his jealousy in a marked manner on several occasions, and several times recently he has displayed a small, single barrelled cartridge pistol, of the Remington pattern, much to the annoyance of the family, and has once or twice, in playful mood, threatened to shoot a young sister of his mistress. Yesterday evening, about 8 o'clock, he called at the house and was received with considerable surprise by Mrs. Wellinghoff, as his visits had usually taken place on Sunday and Thursday evenings only. He had been there but a short time when "Mina" appeared. She, at first sight, did not recognize him, but when she became aware of his presence she remarked, in a startled voice, "Good God, Fred, what do you come here to-night for?" The couple then adjourned to the sitting room, and when they did so one of them locked the door of the room intervening between this room and the kitchen. They had been absent about twenty-five minutes when the smothered report of a pistol was heard by the persons in the kitchen. The sound apparently came from the front part of the house, and the excited fears of the mother were suddenly intensified by the voice of her daughter, exclaiming, in frightened accents:—"O, my God! Open that door! Open that door!" The door was broken open from the kitchen side, and the girl staggered into that room, and, falling into a chair, lamented in a pitiable voice the prospect of death, which she appeared to think was approaching. Dr. Blaue was immediately sent for, and a messenger was also dispatched for Father Froelieck, at the St. Aloysius German Catholic church near by. The latter messenger, however, had been anticipated. The father had been sitting, engaged in conversation with the members of his household, when he was suddenly astonished by a young man, who came rushing into the room, and, clasping the father about the neck, hung to him for several moments without being able to articulate more than the word "Wellinghoff." The young man, in whom the father recognized Henry Kohrs, succeeded, at last, in recovering his voice, when he exclaimed, in a feverish, fervent manner:—"Oh, father, I didn't want to shoot her. I didn't think I had anything in it. You know I loved her and wanted to marry her." The father proceeded to the house, only about one square distant, and on arriving there found Dr. Blaue on hand. The efforts of the latter gentleman availed not to save the life of the unfortunate girl, who, in a very brief space of time, had passed beyond his care. A few moments after the girl had breathed her last Kohrs appeared at the house, accompanied by his father, and at the request of the holy gentleman and the doctor he proceeded to the marshal's office and surrendered himself. He was placed in the jail under guard, and conducted himself in a very strange manner during the night. He was exceedingly restless, alternately laughing and crying, and had nothing to say to anybody. —*Cincinnati Gazette, Jan. 21st.*

ANOTHER TRAGEDY.

Yesterday morning, about half past nine o'clock, Mrs. Mary Ann Anderson, a widow, residing at No. 85 South Caroline street, was shot and killed with a revolver by a Dane named Peter Nesberg, about 45 years old, who immediately afterwards committed suicide by shooting himself with the same weapon. The house in which the deed was committed was owned by Mrs. Anderson and occupied by herself, her son, a lad of about 17 years of age, named Frederick, who is of unsound mind, and a married woman named Mary Kidd, whose husband has left her, and who previously lived in New York. For the past two years Peter Nesberg has been boarding at Mrs. Anderson's whenever he was in Baltimore, and has often asked her to marry him, but she always refused. About six months since he left the city and returned three weeks ago, and the two seemed to get along very well together. On Wednesday night last Nesberg went out with Frederick, son of Mrs. Anderson, and both of them returned home about ten o'clock under the influence of liquor. Nesberg again asked her to marry him, and Mary Kidd, to marry him. Again she refused and said she did not want anything more to do with him, as he had no right to take the boy out and make him drunk. Both of them were very angry, and he accused her of caring more for some one else than she did for him. He left the room, saying that he would be revenged against her. Yesterday morning, at 9½ o'clock, Mrs. Sincoe, who resides next door, heard the report of a pistol fired, one shot being fired immediately after the other. She did not pay much attention to the noise, although it shook the glass in the windows. She thought that something had fallen in one of the lower rooms, and did not pay any more attention to it. Mary Kidd, who slept with Mrs Anderson, heard her get up about 7 o'clock in the morning and go down stairs, but did not hear the shots fired, and only discovered the tragedy when going down the stairway into the kitchen, about 10 o'clock. Seeing blood upon the floor, she ran up stairs and awoke the boy, who came down and discovered the dead bodies of his mother and Nesberg lying upon the floor. The bodies presented a horrible appearance. The woman was lying on her back beside the stove, with her hair dishevelled and matted with blood, the right side of her head, immediately above the ear, and from which the brains were oozing. The man was lying on the floor with his shoulders propped up against the stairway, his right hand firmly holding a pistol. The floor where he lay was covered with blood, which came from a wound in the right side of his head near the temple. The supposition is that after he shot the woman he sat down upon a chair and shot himself, as a powder burn was found on the right side of his head, which, for eleven long years, had lamented the loss of her husband. A term of comparative bliss ensued. They lived and loved together, he representing himself to be a man of strictly religious habits and domestic inclinations, and who, pacing implicit confidence in his statements that even the murmurings and whisperings among her other boarders did not disturb the serenity of their feelings.

THE NILSSON EPIDEMIC.

In November, when the coming of Nilsson was the topic of conversation, Knapp promised to procure tickets for them both; but when Nilsson was giving her first concerts, and although her musical powers were the daily topic of conversation at the table of Mrs. Mills, Knapp made no advances towards carrying out the agreement of November. Mrs. Mills probably attributed this apparent neglect to the delicacy which he, as a religious man, might feel about escorting her to the notorious opera house, or even to an entertainment of an exclusively secular nature. She was, therefore, greatly comforted when he told her that he had procured seats for the oratorio at Farwell Hall, and looked forward to attending the sacred entertainment in his company with unalloyed pleasure.

THE GREEN-EYED MONSTER.

It would be impossible, therefore, to describe her feelings of mortification and dismay when, on the day before the oratorio, he informed her that he had received a letter from a lady in Des Moines, Iowa, who was coming to Chicago to hear Nilsson, and who he was desirous to have accompany them on the occasion. Moreover, the terms of the letter, which he showed her, she deemed too confidential and familiar for a man holding the relations which he did, so she indignantly refused to accompany him, under the circumstances.

The lady from Iowa, who was the unsuspecting cause of so much trouble, came on the morning of the oratorio, and was met by Knapp, according to agreement, at the depot, and conveyed to the house of a mutual friend on the West side. In the evening, Mr. Knapp and the Iowa lady li tened to the sweet strains of the Northern songstress, while the neglected widow remained

DISCONSOLATE AT HOME.

For three days nothing was said in the house of Mrs. Mills about the conduct of Knapp. On Tuesday evening, however, the jealousy and rage of Mrs. Mills became uncontrollable. She accordingly summoned him to her apartment while he was engaged in the fascinating game of backgammon with one of the boarders of the house. He replied that he would soon be in his room, where he would be pleased to have her call again sent word that she would be at home all and did not wish to leave her apartment lest she should take cold, as he had no fire in his room. In accordance with her request, he called at her room and was pleasantly received, although she accused him of lacerating her heart by his cruel conduct. She then thanked him for his many kindnesses, and finally stated that, as she wished to close up her business relations and leave the city, she would be pleased to have him hand over to her the sum of $600 and $600 of her money which he had collected for her at various times. This he declined to do, on the ground that he had become responsible by giving his note for $1,000 to secure debts owed by her. He then left her room and went to his own and retired.

What occurred next is best told in the testimony at the police court on the following day:—W. H. Knapp testified that, after having had an interview with Mrs. Mills, he went to bed; there was a door between his room and Mrs.

THE RING.

FATAL SHOOTING AFFRAY.

Jimmy Haggerty Killed by Reddy the Blacksmith.

TESTIMONY AT THE CORONER'S INQUEST.

VARLEY RELEASED ON BAIL.

Now-a-days, the particulars of bloody tragedies, in which knife, bludgeon or pistol has performed a deadly part, and the recital of which in years agone would have chilled the warm blood to chill and curdle in the veins of the reader, are so frequently chronicled in the daily press that the accounts seldom excite more than passing comment. At times, however, the community is startled by the announcement of the commission of some deed of violence, the perpetration of which is shrouded in mystery, or the actors in which are persons widely known, the residents of the metropolis, where vice runs rampant, were last week excited over such an event between James Haggerty, *alias* "Philadelphia Jimmy," and Wm. Varley, more familiarly known by the *sobriquet* of "Reddy the Blacksmith," resulting in the death of the former, from the effects of a pistol shot wound.

It is less than a year since these individuals figured prominently before the public as principals in a rough and tumble fight which occurred at the Florence saloon, on the southwest corner of Broadway and West Houston street, when Reddy, who was weak from illness, as well as greatly intoxicated, was brutally beaten, his head being mashed well-nigh to a jelly, and it was thought that he was fatally injured, but his strength of constitution enabled him to recover in a remarkably brief period. For a long time afterward they remained bitter enemies, and those who knew the character of both men well were in daily expectation of the occurrence of another similar affray between them. A short time ago, however, they shook hands and agreed to be friends, burying bygones, and up to the past week their relations appeared to be of a very amicable nature; but the sequel came at last, and the particulars concerning it are given in the statements made by Haggerty and Varley, and the testimony elicited at the Coroner's inquest, which will be found below.

It seems that deceased, in company with Billy Tracy, Tom. Draper and several others, were out sleighing during the afternoon and evening of Tuesday, Jan. 24th, and shortly after 10 o'clock drew up at Mace and Hargrave's establishment, 99 West Twenty-third street, the three mentioned entering the house and the others being driven home. They were considerably under the influence of liquor and shortly after their entrance Tracy and Draper became involved in a dispute. The quarrel waxed warm and trouble was brewing, when, in order to prevent a disturbance, Officer McCollagh, of the Twenty-ninth Precinct, was called in to eject the trio. In attempting to perform his duty, however, the officer was severely injured by being hit over the head with a revolver in the hands of Haggerty. The policeman left to seek assistance, but while he was absent the parties took their leave, Haggerty and Tracy turning up again shortly before midnight at Patsy Egan's saloon, north east corner of Broadway and East Houston street, formerly kept by Charley Diamond, and which is a favorite resort of sporting men. After they had taken numerous drinks Draper came in, also very much intoxicated, and became involved in an altercation with Tracy, and Haggerty insisted upon their settling the question between them by the arbitration of muscle then and there, which they prepared to do, in opposition to the wishes of the proprietor, when Reddy entered for the purpose of taking Draper away. Then ensued the fracas which terminated in Haggerty's death at the hands of Varley. After being shot he staggered across Broadway and succeeded in reaching the door-step of No. 11 West Houston street, on the second floor of which is located Tom Hyer's and Mike Murphy's fare bank. Here he sank down exhausted and was carried into the house, where he was placed upon a bed and Dr. Sayre sent for, who, upon probing the wound, without being able to extricate the ball, pronounced it of a mortal nature. Reddy surrendered himself to the authorities about an hour afterwards at police headquarters, and was locked up to await further developments. During the day he, Tracy together with Draper (who, with all others in the saloon at the time, save Tracy, had been arrested) were taken before the wounded man, who stated that neither of them shot him. It being evident that he could not survive, Superintendent Kelso notified Coroner Herrman of the fact, and the latter, accompanied by his deputy, Dr. John Beach, proceeded to the house in which Haggerty lay, in the afternoon, and took his *ante-mortem* statement, which was as follows:—

My name is James Haggerty. I reside at No. 93 East Thirty-first street. I do not think I am about to die. About twelve o'clock Tuesday night I was in Egan's saloon, corner of Broadway and Houston street, when two men came in intoxicated, and began to fight soon after their entrance. Neither of them was known to me, and as I stood by the bar one of them came over and shot me in the abdomen. I was afterwards brought to this house. I was intoxicated at the time. I do not recognize the man who shot me as the man that shot me. I have no idea of his appearance and could not identify him.

Thomas Draper, of No. 7 Amity place, was then examined and deposed:—I was in Egan's saloon last night; there were ten or twelve persons in there; all of us were intoxicated, including Jas. Haggerty; at about 12 or 1 o'clock I and a man named Tracy got quarrelling; the others present wanted to shut the doors and let us fight it out on the floor; Varley came in at this time and wanted to take me out; he was sober, or but slightly intoxicated; Haggerty interfered and struck Varley in the face; following this blow I heard the report of pistols, and then learned that Haggerty had been shot; cannot say who shot him.

The investigation was then adjourned to the Central office, where the following additional testimony was taken:—

STATEMENT OF THE PRISONER.

William Varley was sworn, and testified in his own behalf, as follows:—I live at No. 7 Amity place; I keep a drinking saloon, No. 614½ Broadway; shortly after 12 o'clock this morning I heard there was a quarrel in Egan's place, which is but two doors from my place; went into Egan's place and saw Tom Draper and Billy Tracy quarrelling; Haggerty was encouraging them to fight; they were both stripped for the fight; Egan was endeavoring to stop the fight, and left to call in the police; Haggerty called out, "Close the doors; you've got to fight;" I took Draper around the waist and dragged him toward the door; as soon as Haggerty saw me do this he raised his fist and struck me a violent blow over the left eye, saying:—"You want some, you ——;" he continued to strike me, and ran me from the bar to the end of the bar by the middle cellar; he tried to get behind the bar, where he could reach the bottles, for the purpose of beating me about the head with them; the bar-keeper tried to shove us both back; I assisted the bar-keeper all I could to prevent Haggerty from getting the bottles; Haggerty finding himself frustrated in reaching the bottles drew a pistol; seeing this I drew my pistol and shot him; he raised his pistol while retreating and snapped it twice at me, but the weapon failed to explode; I afterwards surrendered myself at Police Headquarters.

Taomas Hogan, of No. 7 Amity place, corroborated the above statement, except that he did not see Varley fire the shot.

The jury, who had been empanelled, rendered a verdict against Varley, and Coroner Herrman committed him to the Tombs to await the result of Haggerty's wound.

A number of sporting men, intimate friends of Haggerty, called to see him during the day, but all were denied admittance to the room where he lay. He began to show symptoms of the near approach of dissolution as evening drew on and a priest attached to St. Patrick's Cathedral was called to his bedside and admistered the last rites of the Catholic Church. He continued to sink very rapidly and a few minutes before eight o'clock P. M. breathed his last. He remained conscious almost to the last moment, and in reply to questions said that he did not know who shot him, and that he did not blame any one for doing so, as he had brought it upon himself. His sister, who resides in Philadelphia, had been telegraphed for, but arrived too late to see her brother ere he expired. No withstanding his faults, she had loved her brother dearly, and her lamentations excited the deepest sympathy of those who witnessed her grief. The body was removed to Jas. Winterbottom's undertaker's shop, 196 Spring street, next morning, where a *post mortem* examination was made by Drs. Beach and Marsh, who finally succeeded in finding the missile which had produced death—a bullet of conical shape, large size, discharged from a Smith & Wesson revolver. It entered the left wall of the abdomen, passing through one fold of the intestine to the left of the aorta, embedding itself in the body of the last lumbar vertebra and causing death from internal hemorrhage by rupture of large blood vessels. During the day several friends of the dead man came on from Philadelphia, among them Joe Herring, a former partner of Haggerty and proprietor of a saloon on Chestnut street, near Sixth, who took charge of the remains, which were enclosed in an elegant casket and taken to that city on the afternoon of the 27th ult. Mike Murray, of No. 11 West Houston street, has volunteered to defray all the expenses of the funeral. The hearse was followed by several coaches containing friends, who accompanied the body to Philadelphia.

THE CORONER'S INQUEST.

At 1 o'clock P. M., on the 27th ult., Coroner Herrman commenced an inquest in the case, and the office at the City Hall was densely thronged with spectators, the great majority of whom were, of course, sporting men, who had personal acquaintance with both parties. The jury empanelled consisted of the following persons:—Jacob Mohrman, of No. 200 Spring street; Simeon E. Belmont, of No. 218 Spring street; John Torrans, of No. 83 Sullivan street; Francis L. Mead, of No. 106 Thompson street; Isaac Theise, of No. 203 Spring street; Peter A. Crawford, of No. 19 Leroy street; G. H. Glitzow, of No. 225 Spring street; Thomas Killian, of No. 185 Spring street; John Donegan, of No. 202 Spring street; Theodore Finken, of No. 127 Spring street; John B. Acker, of No. 4 Vandam street, and Frederick Metz, of No. 61 Sullivan street. As soon as they had been polled and seated, the prisoner was brought in by the detectives. He took a seat by the side of his counsel, his face wearing a confident expression, and the coroner called for witnesses, several of those whose names had been secured failing to respond. The following testimony was elicited:—

James Devine, of No. 476 Broome street, testified that about 12.10 o'clock, on Wednesday morning, he entered Patrick Egan's saloon and saw Haggerty, Billy Tracy and several other men. Egan was endeavoring to stop Tracy making a fuss in the place and told him that if he didn't stop he would be put out. Haggerty pulled off his coat and shouted, "Close the door and let them fight," meaning Tracy and Draper, who were stripped; Varley was also there, and said he wanted to take his friend (Draper) home; Haggerty seized Varley by the throat and endeavored to push him towards the opening in the counter, in order to reach a bottle from the shelf; he first struck Varley in the face and then grasped him by the collar; witness heard a pistol discharged, so went outside, fearing he might be shot himself; as he stood in the door he saw Haggerty's pistol leveled at Varley; a moment after Haggerty ran out in his shirt sleeves and handed the pistol to some person; Haggerty was intoxicated and Varley sober; witness did not see the shooting.

Dr. Charles K. Britton, of No. 67 West Twenty-third street, testified that he had been summoned to attend Haggerty at 4 A. M. on Wednesday, who he found intoxicated and suffering from a wound that witness saw to be mortal, and death did ensue that evening.

Patrick H. Egan, the saloon keeper, testified that at 11½ o'clock on Tuesday night Haggerty and Tracy came in his place much intoxicated; they began drinking in the saloon, and the witness was certain that they drank no less than thirty times within an hour. About midnight witness requested Haggerty to take Tracy home, as he was so drunk that he had fallen several times; Tracy appeared willing to go away, and Haggerty consented to go when they had another drink. Draper came in just then, very drunk, and began talking; witness was afraid they would get to quarreling, so took Tracy toward the back door; Tracy said, "All right, let's have another drink," and leaning his head on the bar, began to sing. Draper went up to him and said, "You wanted to beat me at Mace's to-night—and you can do it now!" Tracy replied, "You be a word passed," and Tracy struck Draper in the face. Haggerty told them to pull off their coats and fight it out; witness asked Haggerty if he really wished the men to fight there, and urged Draper not to fight. Haggerty insisted that they must fight, and both tried to take their coats off; Varley came in just then, and tried to pacify all hands, and witness declared that he would send the first man who struck a blow to the station house. Haggerty said:—"Then you can't fight, so," and witness replied:—"You as well as any other." Varley spoke to Haggerty, saying:—"Jimmy, stop this." Haggerty angrily turned round and exclaimed:—"What do you want? Did you come here to fight?" "No," said Reddy, "I came to take Draper away." Haggerty seized Reddy by the throat, and witness ran for a policeman. When he returned witness heard the report of a pistol, and saw Haggerty stagger and run into the street; witness saw no pistol in Haggerty's hand.

John Hogan, the bar-keeper, corroborated Egan's testimony, adding that as Haggerty retreated after being shot, he pointed his pistol at Varley, and snapped it twice without success.

George Holston, of No. 34 First street, saw Haggerty put his hand behind his back as if to draw a pistol, and the next moment heard the snap of a lock; he saw Varley raise his revolver and fire; Haggerty stepped back, and resting his revolver on the screen, pointed his pistol at Varley, as if to get a good aim, snapping twice.

The remainder of the testimony was not important, being corroborative of that already given, and the inquest was adjourned until Wednesday, Feb. 1st, in order that Tracy's evidence could be received. Upon appeal from Reddy's counsel, he was admitted to bail in the sum of $5,000, which was given by Michael Skelly, of Oliver street, and the prisoner was released, being heartily congratulated by his friends as he left the room.

SKETCH OF THE DECEASED.

James Haggerty was born on Arch street, between 18th and 19th streets, in the western section of Philadelphia, was as near as possible 5 feet 9 inches in height, of very heavy, compact build, and at the period of his death weighed not far from 200 pounds, though he was very lithe and wiry, and possessed of great strength. In personal appearance he was very prepossessing, having black hair and eyes, and moustache and side whiskers of the same color, neatly trimmed. He was far from flash in his style of dress, being always a. tired in a manner neat, plain and gentlemanly, while his address was very pleasing—in fact, no one unacquainted with his character would imagine him to be the manner of man he was in reality. As a boy he was very intelligent and quiet to a degree unusual in children of his age, though he never attended school, we believe. About the year 1858 he was employed as a teamster at the Reading Railroad freight depot on Market street, and to the associations which he then formed may be traced his subsequent career. Upon the breaking out of the rebellion he enlisted as a private soldier and was subsequently engaged in the bounty brokerage business, following it with success, though it is said that he was never known to jump a bounty. In 1869 his name was first brought prominently before the public, being convicted of the robbery of McElroy's dry goods store, on Ninth street, below Market, and sentenced to the Eastern Penitentiary for a term of ten years. Through the exertions of Alderman Wm. McMullen and other influential friends, however, he was soon afterwards granted a pardon upon condition that he should leave the state and never return. He failed to comply with these conditions, however, remaining in the city and becoming still more notorious by reason of the brawls in which he was frequently engaged, oftimes assaulting policemen, until at last the authorities resolved to dispose of him. He was arrested and locked up at the Central station, and an attempt made by his friends to secure his release by scaling the walls on Fifth street and breaking through the brick work which held the bars of his cell window; being frustrated, he remained in jail until liberated on bail. He then made himself scarce, visiting New York and eluding the vigilance of the detectives until two of the parties who had preferred complaints against him had accepted money and left the city, when he gave himself up. He was tried upon one bill and acquitted, and the prosecutors in the other cases not making their appearance, he could not be tried. The District Attorney then endeavored to have him sent back to the penitentiary for violating the conditions of his pardon. The matter was argued at considerable length for and against the motion, and Judge Brewster had prepared his opinion, understood to have been in conformity to the authorities cited by the District Attorney, when Haggerty made his escape, no doubt previously planned. He had been taken from the prison van, near the Court house, and was being conducted to it, when he threw himself against the officer who had him in charge, ran out of the avenue to Chestnut street, and across to the American Hotel, in front of which some of his confederates were standing. They succeeded in preventing the officer from following him closely, and escaping to Minor street by the rear of the hotel, he took a carriage, in waiting evidently for him, and was soon out of sight. He was next brought to the notice of the public on Feb. 2d, 1870, when the rough-and-tumble with Reddy, before alluded to, took place in this city. On April 21st, '70, he had a fight with James *alias* "Bully" Nelson, at the same place, and shortly afterwards attacked Ned Lyons, at the corner of Sixth avenue and Twenty-eighth street, beating him severely and biting off one of his ears. In November he and Billy Tracy assaulted Harry Hill and Billy Edwards at the former's saloon on East Houston street, and not long afterwards beat Edwards on the corner of Broadway and Houston. On Jan. 21st, at Paul Falk's Boulevard Hall, 632 Broadway, he assailed one of the Metropolitan Hotel bookkeepers, ending the assault by throwing him down stairs, and had it not been for the interference of Capt. McDonnell, of the Twenty-eighth Precinct, the result would probably have proven serious, as he was about to use an iron bar upon the fallen man's head. As none of the parties assaulted preferred complaints, through dread of the consequences, no doubt, he managed to evade punishment for these offences. These are some of the more noticeable of the many affrays wherein the deceased figured, and he bore upon his person numerous scars, which silently testified to the severity of those encounters. Though a very demon in fury when under the influence of liquor, ever ready for a fight and valuing his own life as little as he did that of a foe, when in his sober senses he was quiet, affable, kind-hearted and a man of quick sympathies. He had many warm friends among the class of men with whom he associated and was generally liked, though none cared to encounter him in a fracas. There was a certain amount of dread mingled with their friendship, for he was liable, when drunk, to quarrel with his best friend, and when he obtained the upper hand of a man he never knew when to cease beating him. On the whole, no doubt, the announcement of his death brought a feeling of relief to very many who had been intimate with him. So ends a brief but eventful career.

PRIZE FIGHT IN WISCONSIN

BETWEEN

MIKE O'CONNOR AND ED. ST. CLAIR.

O'CONNOR THE WINNER.

The match heretofore alluded to in our columns as having been made at Dubuque, Iowa, on Dec. 31st, between Mike C. O'Connor, *alias* "Red-Handed Mike," and Edward A. St. Clair, was brought to a satisfactory finish on Jan. 20th. O'Connor has proved a foeman worthy of mettle previously in ring battles, but this was St. Clair's first essay at the business, though having gained considerable local reputation as a good sparrer. The scene of the battle was about two miles above the railroad bridge crossing, from Dubuque to the Wisconsin shore, in which state it was located, and in the neighborhood of 500 persons went to the ground upon foot or in wagons. During the ring in a barouche and was the first on the ground, while St. Clair took it leisurely and walked up with his seconds and backers. Both men were greeted with loud cheers. The ring being all straightened up and ready, Mike shied his castor into the arena and quickly followed it himself. He had scarcely picked up his fur cap before the black wool hat of St. Clair dropped into the ring, immediately followed by himself.

O'Connor's seconds were Andy Routzong and Wm. Lawler, and his umpire Michael Farley, while St. Clair was seconded by Toney Wilson and Scott Brown. Pat. Sutton was unanimously greeted as the referee, and all seemed pleased with the choice. Mr. McMaster was chosen time keeper. The men were now sitting in their respective corners and getting ready for the conflict, when Mike drew out $25, and, crossing the ring to where St. Clair sat, shook it in his face, saying:—"St. Clair, here is $25 to $10 that I get away with you." St. Clair deigned no reply, Mike returned to his corner, and both men stripped for the fight. All was now ready, and principals and seconds advanced to the centre of the ring and shook hands. The referee took his stand near the ropes, the time-keeper called time, and the men advanced to the scratch, amid a breathless silence, for

THE FIGHT.

Round 1. The fighting was sharp and close, both getting in a few blows on the body, and St. Clair receiving a cut over the right eye and a slight one on the breast, he easing himself down, ending the bout in 50 seconds. Claims of first blood were made by both sides, but a few drops of red being seen to ooze from the cut above St. Clair's eye, it was awarded to Mike.

2. Mike endeavored now to get his opponent excited, and commenced calling him vile names and ridiculing his style of fighting. This did not excite Ed., and only caused the crowd to hiss Mike, and he soon gave up talking for the hot work on hand, and blows were taken and given thick and fast for a second, when St. Clair clinched and was thrown.

3. St. Clair was the first from his corner at the call of time, as he was in every round; his eye gave symptoms of swelling. Mike was smiling. St. Clair received a blow on the forehead, when he clinched and threw O'Connor heavily.

4. Both up promptly, and after a few passes they clinched and St. Clair was thrown.

5. Both men up quickly and some heavy blows were given on the body, when they clinched and fell side by side.

6. Mike got in a heavy blow on St. Clair's chest, felling him on one knee and hand. First knock down awarded to Mike.

7. This was the largest and hardest fought round of the fight, and St. Clair, acting on the advice of his seconds, ducked his head with a view to avoid punishment, but Mike resorted to upper cuts, which told fearfully on St. Clair's nose, drawing the ruby freely. St. Clair got in several heavy body blows, when he closed on Mike and threw him heavily.

8. Bets were now offered by Mike's backers that the fight would not last half an hour, with no takers. He got in one on St. Clair's breast, when Ed. retorted by a tremendous blow on the left cheek of Mike, sending him to grass like a stone. Mike was carried to his corner, while St. Clair walked back.

9. St. Clair again attempted the dodging game and received a fearful under cut, sending his opponent to the floor in the ground.

10. Was the shortest of the fight, and after a few counters and passes they clinched and Mike got down to avoid punishment. Both bleeding severely; Mike from the cut over the eye, and St. Clair from the lip and nose.

11. Was brisk, and heavy blows given and taken, St. Clair closing in and Mike got down; from this time to the end of the fight he dropped in every clinch.

12. Some fine sparring and good blows given and taken. St. Clair received a fair one and got down.

13, 14, 15 and 16 were short and quick, both bleeding considerably and the four rounds ended by Mike slipping down.

17. St. Clair first, as in every round, Mike blowing, though not punished much. St. Clair fought him sharp and forced him into his corner, when they clinched and St. Clair slipped and was thrown on the ropes. Mike falling heavily upon him. Cries of foul were raised by St. Clair's seconds, but not allowed by the referee. Mike was so exasperated that they should call a foul that he started from his corner and threatened to whip St. Clair and both his seconds on the moment, but was quieted down by Andy, and yet he came up in a rage for

18, and fought furiously, driving St. Clair to his corner, when they closed, and Mike went down, as usual, to avoid.

19. St. Clair looked a little worried and his right eye was about closed, yet he fought well. Mike was panting heavily. After a few blows given and taken they clinched and fell, St. Clair shooting half way through the ropes from the force of the fall.

20 and last. St. Clair came up prompt and fought well; he received a slight blow in the face, when he closed in and threw Mike heavily. He was supported to his corner, when, to the surprise of all, his seconds threw up the sponge, ending the fight in 20 rounds and 17 minutes.

RALE OULD TIMES AT THE ARBOR.

There was such a gathering at Clark's popular sparring hall, No. 50 West Houston street, on the evening of Saturday, Jan. 21st, as reminded one of boxing nights in days gone by. The occasion was the benefit of that very clever light weight, Tim Collins, and the certainty of witnessing sport above the average, as well as the promise of a first class, rattling set-to between the *beneficiaire* and the accomplished little artist, George Seddons, sufficed to attract very many of those whose faces were always to be seen at these mimic pugilistic entertainments when one was sure of receiving satisfaction for his money, but who have seldom showed up of late years. That the meeting between Tim and George was the loadstone of attraction there can be no question, for those who had seen them spar at Jack Smith's benefit a week previous were anxious for some more of the same sort, while the accounts of it created a desire of a similar nature in the breasts of those who missed that exciting affair. The room was packed with a very orderly assembly, and a good natured one, too, as was evinced by the way in which they endured the squeezing and elbowing to which they were subjected, though Jimmy Carney thought it a little too much of a good thing at one time, and, suddenly rising from his crab-like position over a billiard table, caused a downfall of those crowded on the benches behind, greatly to the amusement of those who were looking on. He stood it like an Indian brave for a good while, however, but had to sing out for a brace at last. The time-worn and battle-scarred veteran, Uncle Bill Tovee, occupied his accustomed post, and shortly past the hour of eight introduced Patsey Hogan (Clark's right bower) and William C. McClellan, the velocipedist, who started "the ball" in right royal fashion, though Patsey held the upper hand, Mac falling off weak toward the finish. The latter knows more than "a thing or two" about the art, but he is decidedly a better bicycle rider than boxer, and no match for Patsey, who is much less in stature. Next came Patsey Sheppard, of New Haven, and Bryan Campbell, the young fellow who made such a slashing fight with Dave Lewis in Cunningham Valley, Pa., lately, winning it by an alleged foul. Neither had seen the other put up before, and consequently neither knew his opponent's style. They were not long in finding it out, however, and in doing it they made an exceedingly pretty mêlée, which only lasted through two rounds, however, Campbell, for reasons of his own, declining to "keep it up" longer, to the regret of Sheppard and the on-lookers. Patsey is decidedly the better sparrer of the two, his blows being straighter and cleaner, as well as more frequent; but no correct estimate could be formed of Campbell's ability, owing to the shortness of the bout and the possibility that he didn't desire to do his best, holding his powers in reserve for a future occasion, when he can him himself reap the reward of his display. That he is very far from being a slouch however, and is very quick upon his feet and with his hands is unquestionable, and any one who tackles him will find out that they haven't a wooden man to deal with. The succeeding couple were Young Hanley (brother to Andy) and Omealia, ever on hand, like a wart. After the first exchange Hanley dashed upon his heavier opponent like a bull at a gate, and then they had it hot and heavy at close quarters until the round closed, when both sat down upon friendly knees, puffing like dollar steam engines. The two following rounds were precisely similar. Then came a young fellow whose name we cannot remember, an English street acrobatic performer, who gave a very clever performance with a brass ring, 42 inches in circumference, and with glasses—one in each hand, and one placed on his forehead—doubting himself up in all sorts of shapes, and rolling over and over upon the floor without spilling a drop, though he spilled a whole tumblerful afterward—down his throat. He then passed around his weather beaten hat, and obtained a stock of currency as a reward for his cleverness. Fleming and a friend went on next, the friend attesting his friendship by peppering his *vis-a-vis*, who knew no more about boxing than an Esquimaux papoose. Sheppard and Hogan now made their appearance again, and made one of the best sets-to of the evening—far more pleasing to look at than the wind-up, though no: of so exciting a character. They were warmly applauded at the termination of each round and especially as they retired, to make room for Teddy Neary, the Fourth Ward bull dog, who looks as tough as a pure knot, and the old timer, Peter McGinnis. The latter is one of those who "improves backwards." Years ago he was considered a good boxer, capable of taking a hand with nearly any of the light weights but his hands appear to have entirely forgotten their cunning. Patsy O'Hara next appeared with the tumbler and ring juggler, but the latter made a sorry display, and left off quickly, Hen. Bagley taking up the discarded gloves. The latter evidently thought he had a very soft thing in O'Hara, but he tripped up badly, for Patsey proved himself a ripper, possessing a splendid right hand, and using it most effectively, as he did the left also. It was a slashing box from first to last, both going in with vim and each receiving an equal share of praise. We never saw Hen do better, but he couldn't lay over Patsey a little bit. After an interval of some minutes Tovee re-appeared within the circle, followed by Collins and Seddons, who were greeted with cheers loud and long. The M.C. then returned thanks on behalf of the beneficiary, who he also announced was prepared to make a match with any man breathing at 124 pounds, weigh on the morning of fighting, or at 120 pounds, and weigh the day before, for as much as anybody desired to put up, providing the amount was within reasonable bounds, and that he had $100 to stake right then in support of his challenge. They then stepped up, shook hands and threw themselves into position. It was plain to be seen that both were bent upon doing their best from the wariness of their movements, and neither let a single chance slip them during the three rounds. George waited for Tim, who has the advantage in height, weight, and muscular power, but when Collins let drive he generally, if not always, met him as he came, or else jumped out of harm's way. Tim strikes with great force, and is an exceedingly smart young fellow, but the tactics adopted by George prevented him from exhibiting his abilities as he had done previously. Each made some beautiful stops and planted frequently very forcibly, Tim confining himself, save when at close quarters, almost exclusively to the body, while George made the head his mark. Tim's record affords conclusive proof of his ability as a fighter, and yet it appears to us that he lacks that coolness essential to a first-class pugilist. On the contrary, George was cool and collected all the time, ready to take advantage of every opening, and his style was much admired by old ring goers present. It was, indeed, a splendid set-to, in which neither could crow over the other, and drew forth tumultuous applause.

BRYAN CAMPBELL, who defeated Dave Lewis, sometime time ago, in Pennsylvania, is announced to take a benefit at Gothic Hall, Adams street, Brooklyn, on Tuesday evening, Feb. 2d. He will wind-up with Ed. Touhey,

BOB BRETTLE is landlord of the White Lion Revived, Bell street, Birmingham.

THE TRIGGER.

PIGEON SHOOTING IN CANADA.

JAS. WARD, OF TORONTO, vs. H. MILLER, OF MARKHAM.

On Tuesday afternoon, Jan. 24th, a large number of well known "knights of the trigger" started in sleighs from the hostelrie of Joe Taylor, Colborne street, Toronto, C. W., for the Don Flats, to witness the trial of skill between James Ward, the champion pigeon shot of Canada, and Henry Miller, a gentleman whose pursuits are of a bucolical nature, and who resides at Markham. The day was all that could be desired; no wind, a clear sky, and a not too cold atmosphere, induced a large number of sporting men to visit the ground, or rather ice, for it was on the frozen surface of the River Don on which the shooting took place. The match was originally made for 50 double rises each, from plunge traps, 18 yards rise, 100 yards boundary, Ward staking $300 to Miller's $200; but, as ill luck would have it, birds were scarce, and at the last moment the arrangements had to be altered, in order that the public should not be disappointed, especially as the affair had excited a great deal of interest and a considerable amount depended upon the result. By mutual agreement the contestants concluded to shoot for $100 a side, at 15 double rises, from plunge traps, distance and boundary to be the same as in the original match. About two o'clock Miller toed the scratch for the first shot, which was at a couple of strong birds, one a white and the other a blue; both flew off sharp to the right and were brought down in handsome style. Ward, who was the favorite, though the mechanitties backed their man freely, then went to the front. He had the ill luck to have two white birds, which, when they got up, were difficult to see against the snow bank in the rear of the traps, and, to the disappointment of all, he missed both. Miller killed his two next very prettily, Ward following by dropping his left hand bird, but missing the one from the trap to the right. Miller brought both his next birds down, killing one and wounding the other, but was not cautious enough to gather it, and of course counting a miss to him. Ward then got hold of a couple of very quick pigeons, which flew very low; however, he secured one of them. Miller, in his fourth round, hit both his birds, killing both, but one dropped out of bounds. Ward, who did not appear to shoot as well as usual, only scored one out of his next two, Miller killing his fifth pair. Ward then got on his mettle, and "went in a perisher," bringing to mother earth, or rather ice, one of his king of winter, his fifth, sixth, seventh, eighth and ninth pairs; Miller, in the corresponding shots, only scoring one each time, and missing both on his tenth. Ward scored one and Miller killed his eleventh and twelfth, making one beautiful snap shot; Ward scored his next two shots, leading his opponent two birds. At the 13th round each killed a bird, Ward killing his next two, as also did Miller. The latter in his last shot had the misfortune to have his gun miss fire, losing one of the prettiest shots of the day in consequence; however, he killed his last two birds in a most artistic manner. Then came the anxious moment—if Ward should miss both his birds he would tie with Miller; however he soon set the minds of his backers at rest by rolling over the bird on the right in handsome style, and feathering the other one, thus winning a most exciting match by one bird. The following is the detailed score:—

Miller.....	11 11 10 01 11 01 01 01 00 11 11 01 11 11—21—out of 30.
Ward.....	0 1 0 01 01 11 11 11 11 11 01 11 11 01—22 out of 30.

The affair was conducted in the most satisfactory manner; the offices of judge and referee were filled by Messrs. McGill, Hopcroft and Nicholls, respectively, we sinecures, as they were not called upon to decide any disputed question. Ward challenges any man in Canada, for any sum from $100 to $1,000, to shoot at either 50 pigeons or snow-birds, and says he is ready to make the match at once. Rob Berry, the colored champion "pulled" of Toronto Bay, and H. Hopcroft then tried conclusions at 15 snow-birds, but the latter was too much for the Ethiopian, who killed only 5 out of his number, Hopcroft bringing down nine.

THE PIGEON SHOOTING CHAMPIONSHIP.

BOGARDUS DEFEATED BY PAINE.

There was a larger gathering of persons at the grounds of the Long Island Shooting Club, adjoining Capt. Seely's hotel, the Woodruff House, located near the Union course, on the afternoon of Wednesday, 25th ult., than had been looked for, owing to the state of the weather. The cause of this assembly was the fixture of the important match between Ira A. Paine, of New York, and Capt. A. H. Bogardus, of fame, for $1,000 and the champion badge, the conditions being to shoot at 100 single birds each, 21 yards rise and 80 yards boundary, from H and T traps. Robt. Newell, the well-known Buffalo shot, officiated as referee, while the judges were Dr. De Witt Bean, De Forest Judge and Taylor for Bogardus. Paine had the call in the betting at considerable odds, and shot from a single barrel'ed gun, while the western marksman used a double barrelled breech loader. The shooting was exceedingly fine, albeit the weather was so cold. Bogardus doing the best shooting in the latter half of the contest. His birds were, as a general thing, more difficult to hit than his opponent's, being mainly of white plumage. The score beneath gives all requisite particulars:—

Paine—1111111101111011011111111111

THEATRICAL RECORD.

Movements, Business, and Incidents of the Theatrical, Circus, Musical and Minstrel Profession.

Clipper Post Office.

☞ A STAMPED ENVELOPE, plainly addressed, must be enclosed for each and every letter sent for. Where there are two or more persons of like name in the profession, the line of business followed by the party addressed should be given, in order to prevent mistakes.

LADIES' LIST.

Burt, Fanny
Bessna, Alice
Broomfield, Kathleen
Brennan, Mrs. R. A.
Brown, Louise
Crabtree, Lotta
Chippendale, Alfy
Dickinson, Anna
De Lee, Julia
Dunkerson, Susie
Eldridge, Sallie E. (2)
Florance, Minnie A. (2)
Fanony, Carlotta
Gleason, Lucy
Gardner, Eliza
Gray, Bettie
Hardy, Lizzie
Herndon, Clara
Irving, Louise
Jones, Nelly (2)
Jersena, Mlle.
Johnson, Jennie
Lake, Agnes
Lane, Mary
Mehner, Fanny
May, Fanny
Morris, Carrie A.
Nicholas, Maggie
Osborne, Henrietta
Presslee, Fanny
Pierson, Jennie
Price, Jennie W.
Quimby, Kittie
Rigl, Betty
Richmond, Virginia
Roberts, Mrs. N. D. (2)
Rand, Olivia (2)
Robinson, Julia (3)
Roselle, Lizzie
Smith, Nellie
Simmons, Fannie
Schott, A.
Tyson, Annie
Tiffany, Annie Ward
Wray, Ada (6)
Waite, Annie
Wells, Minnie
Wesner, Ella

GENTLEMEN'S LIST.

Allen, Johnny
Austin, Charlie
Bidnot, Albert
Burton, Clarence
Berger, Fred.
Brewer, Frank
Britton, W. Wallace
Birch, Johnny
Bissell, N. G.
Barnes, Wm. M.
Burbanks, Sam W.
Barclay, Fred.
Bruce, C. Amory (3)
Brown, Walter
Blitz, Eugene
Bartine, Charley (2)
Bateman, P. T.
Blumenthal, Joe
Brault, Alphonse
Blumerscheim, Phil.
Campbell, Johnny
Clarke, J. H.
Carroll, John
Cole, Wm. W.
Caulfield, Harry
Clinton, Harry
Clifford, Charlie
Corvell, B.
Chapman, Geo.
Carner, J. W.
Cobb, Willis
Dahl, Geo.
Delehanty & Hengler
Devoe, Thomas
Davenport, E. L.
Dobson, F. F.
De Solla, Maurice
De Camp, Prof.
De Lamx, Capt.
De Forest, Geo.
Duncan, Harry
De Witt, Thos H.
De Haven, G. W.
Denier, John
Dennunbury, R. L.
De Spain, Paul
Demut, Jas.
Denzer, Val.
European Circus
Edwards, Dan G.
Edwards, Geo. E.
Eades, Harry
Franks, Tony
Foster Hernandez
Franckum, Geo.
Frost, Hyatt
Flores, F. Salazar
Fiske, Moses
Frost, Hal
French, Jno. F.
Forepaugh, Adam
Gordillo, V. G. (2)
Gaylord, Low (2)
Gubc, J. T.
Garland, Geo. S.
Grady, G. G.
Gurr, Harry
Harris, Jas.
Hobson, Art
Haverly, J. H.
Hurley, Harry
Harrison, W. B.
Hallett, Crom
Haley, Thos. H.
Halleti, Lew
Heart, Billy
Hale, Wm. S. (2)
Hindley, A. H.
Howard, Rollin
Horn, Eph, Jr.
Hayes
Hayden, Jas.
Jennings, Jas. O. (2)
Jordan, M. J.
Jefferson, Tommy
Kilbourne, J. P.
Kent, Mr.
Leary, Bros., (2)
Le Perie, Chas.
Le Perie, Geo.
Leopar, Clifford
Lay, E. D.
Lowry, W. S.
Lawrence, Fred.
Le Meurier, Clifford
Lester
Levantine, Jno. C.
Leopold, Geo.
Mackinght, A. C.
Moulder, Jno. N.
Mesmer
Mills, Wm.
Myron, D.
Mlaco, I.
Mack, Joe
Magle, J. G.
Manager Two Headed Girl
McVeigh, Johnny
Morgan, Wm. C.
Noyce, C. W.
Nathans, J. J.
Nichols, W. W.
Nickle, Robt.
Orrin, Edwd.
Older, P. A.
Percy, Robt. (3)
Price, Ed.
Purcell, A.
Quick, Fred.
Rubini, Sig. (2)
Rich, Chas.
Roberts, H. D. (2)
Russey, Jas.
Roberts, T. J.
Rowes, L.
Reeves, Billy
Robinson, Yankee
Roberts, Jas. H.
Shedman, Billy
Stowe, John (3) Jr.
Smith, Avery
Springer, A. J.
Smith, Prof.
Skiff & Gaylord (2) 3c.
Stewart, Geo.
Salsbury, Neal W.
Saulsbury, Nelson W
Selrnes Family
Stefani, W.
Stone & Murray
Sackett, Oscar
Spencer, C. W.
Sieere, L. M. W.
Sealey, Chas. (2)
Townsend, John
Talbott, Harry
Vanzandt Bros.
Vashon, S
West, Frank
Waters, Jas.
W. C.
Warner, J. E.
Warhurst, Thos. H.
Withers, J. G.
Weightman, C.
Wallace, Harry
Waldron, D. G.
Watson, Tommy
Weston, Harry (2)
Winship, Geo.
W. G.
Washburn, E. S. (2)
Wallace, J.
Widmer, Harry
Withers, Joseph
Washburn, E. L.
White, C. R.
Wood, Harry
Wickwire, J. M.
Washburn, Leon

Introductory Overture.

MONDAY, JAN. 30th, '71.

THE WEEK has been productive of uncomfortable storms and "codes id the head," the one being a natural result of the other; and while storms have raged in elemental strife, giving the cold shoulder to many an unprotected wayfarer on the stage of life, our theatrical directors have not been without their storms, the thin-skinned objecting to have their short-comings brought to the notice of the public, or any popular exposition of their derelictions made; so, as libel seems to be the order of the day, our friends take to it as naturally as though there was money in it, forgetting that in an impartial examination facts of an unenviable character are brought to light which it had been better for all concered had they never been publicly ventilated. Since our last, two unfortunate editors have been sued for libel, one being a Rochester quill, the other a contemporary of this city. We presume that the end will be the exposure of private intrigues and the vindication of the press, for if newspaper managers are at all disposed, or compelled, to speak out in meeting, they can a tale unfold that will astonish the natives even of this city of immorality and crime. Some of our managers don't mind "coming out strong" against any infraction of right on the part of their employees, but they squirm fearfully when *their* faults are pointed out by the press, or their productions criticised other than in a favorable manner. You may lavish columns of fulsome praise on these men and their entertainments, and you will not even be thanked for what you have done; but just turn out of the beaten track once, and condemn managerial carelessness, and point out the errors of a performance, and in a jiffy the manager is at your heels, barking and snapping, and ordering out his advertisement, as if a newspaper publisher sold his principles when he permitted the use of his advertising columns by those who desire to place their business before the public. If such thin skinned individuals would heed the advice of their news aporial friends, their success in many instances would be assured; whereas, as the rule frequently noticed that those who object to fair criticism, and "run out their advertisements" because an editor has been honest enough to condemn what *should* be condemned, run themselves out in one or two seasons, and cannot understand how it is they have come to grief..... And no e, having said this much in a spirit of kindness for the benefit of the feverish managerial man, let us turn our attention to a more pleasing subject, and indite a few rhymes in honor of our young friend.

"YE CHAMBERMAID."

She is a favorite with "the boys,"
Who love her, every one—
A glittering kaleidescope
Of fancy, fact and fun.
Both Byron's works and Tommy Moore's
Are favorites of hers,
And though she likes *Boccacio*, yet
Roquet shows the purest.

She dresses all her servant parts
In clothes that suit them well,
Yet often, her apparel is
Without a *pivalled*.
She "fakes" a pretty *moire antigua*
From *more antique* remains,
And may detest the railroads, yet
She's often *sat in trains*.

She likes "a bank book of her own and our ere free an oyster shoop and gits comfortably off on the streuth ov Saddle Rocks and Shrewsberys. And the old cuss slings all is money on one grand throin Wall street, and the lorded dog comes up wrong side up in spite or im, and in the las scean we are im blessin is son-in-law in the usul way, and borrowin a palefull ov Saddle Rocks, and goin round singin out, "Evie's oysters, your fine fresh oysters!" sroudn't this be holdin the mirror up to nacher! THE MAJ IN THE FLIES.

.....Although we have received so many poems on "the little church" that we have been obliged to cease their further publication, we make an exception in favor of the following, written by a lady who, although a member of the church faith of which the Rev. Sabine is a rector, denounces his course in the most fitting manner, and indites the spounded lines to show the difference between the "big church" and the "little church," which we are requested to give publicity to:—

THAT LITTLE CHURCH.

BY AN EPISCOPALIAN.

'Twas not beneath that grandly steepled fane,
Within its high arched portal's bold relief
That came the gentlest words of charity.
So kindly uttered in the hour of grief;
Nor yet beneath that lofty dome of hall,
With velvet hassock and with cushioned chair,
The purest breath of piety was found.
That death sloft upon the sacred air.

Nor 'neath that silken robe, the priestly garb,
The whitened surplice, beat the truest heart
That spoke thro' words of soul-deep kindness felt,
That best had learned the sincere Christian part.
Ah! no, not there was found the faithful man,
Not one to teach forgiveness, pity, love,
Not there the truthful follower of our Lord,
To tell of *charity* all good above.

Not one of those in his saintship could do wrong,
Who'd make one moment's pause to look within,
To judge his own earth tempted words and deeds,
And watch his own vain heart's approach to sin;
But one who stands a self appointed judge,
Condemns the calling of an *honest* man,
Refuses Christian rights unto the dead,
Thus ranking chief of all the bigot clan.

This goodly (?) priest has deemed it just to judge
His fellow-man and these can think no sin;
If his late act by others be adjudged,
If by his words we judge the heart within,
While God forgives the crime-stained souls of men,
While we beg mercy at his footstool low,
Dares sinful man refuse a heav'n born form
A grace that *Christians* e'en to felons show?

But just "around the corner" humbly stands
"That little church," whose kindly pastor prays
A blessing on the *upright, faithful* soul
That's told on earth it's sum of mortal days.

A passion, aye! in name, in deed and truth;
A tear he'd drop upon the stranger's grave,
A prayer he'd raise above the passing soul,
Whate'er had lived the dead, a saint or knave.

We grant "All honor to the little church,"
"That little church around the corner." Bless it's shade!
God's benison upon it's pastor's head,
His blessing and it's memory ne'er will fade.

City Summary.

THE LYDIA THOMPSON BURLESQUE TROUPE closed their engagement at Wood's Museum after the evening performance of Saturday, Jan. 28th. During the past week the houses have been large, as was naturally to be expected when the "last nights" of this popular artist and company were announced, and in order to ensure the brilliancy of the close of this profonged engagement the programme was materially strengthened. On Monday, Tuesday, Wednesday and Saturday evenings the performance commenced with a *petite* comedy entitled "Delicate Ground," in which Miss Lydia Thompson assumed the character of Pauline and Messrs. H. R. Teesdale and F. Dewar made their first appearances at this theatre impersonating the respective characters of Alphonse and Citizen Sangfroid. The comedy was admirably performed. Teesdale has a fine figure, a thorough knowledge of stage business and his manner and bearing evince culture, gentlemanly ease and refinement. His voice is pleasing and well modulated, and, as a light comedian or an actor of the modern romantic school, he may be pronounced a successful one. His performance of Alphonse was excellent. Mr. Dewar is an artist of merit, but, of course, did not have a full opportunity to display his comic talent in the role of Sangfroid, which was, however, splendidly acted. We believe this artist's *forte* is the delineation of strongly marked characters. At all events, in such he achieved marked success upon the English stage. A very pleasant surprise was in store for those who had hitherto seen Miss Thompson only in burlesque, and in consequence were led to believe that she could act nothing else. In Pauline, we unhesitatingly say she achieved a most decided success. Her acting was very natural, and the little touches of pathos which the delineation demanded of her were excellently performed. After the comedy, on the evening above named, the burlesque entitled "St. George and the Dragon" was acted for the last time. On the Friday evening, for the benefit of Miss Lydia Thompson, "Meg's Diversion," in which the beneficiary acts Meg, and scenes from the burlesque of "Ixion" were performed to a very large and enthusiastic audience; which same bill was repeated intact at the Saturday *matinee* and evening performances. This engagement, which commenced on Oct. 17th last, and was extended through a period of fifteen weeks, has been eminently successful. Miss Thompson and Mr. Harry Beckett, together with the principal members of the troupe, are established favorites in this city, whose departure was looked upon with regret and whose re-appearance will ever be hailed with pleasure. At the usual *matinees* at this theatre a new sensational drama from the pen of Mr. James Barnes, the stage manager, entitled "The Spirit Avenger," was performed. This evening, Jan. 30th, Miss Lucy Reanton will make her first appearance in this city, since her return from Europe, in a new sensational drama entitled "Red Hands," which is said to be powerfully and effectively written, and to have achieved success in such cities in this country as it has been represented in.

EVERY ACT ANNOUNCED upon the programme at Tony Pastor's during the past week was most attractive. The performance opened with an effective sketch entitled the "Tragedian's Revenge," in which Johnny Wild, Frank Kerns and J. A. Graver were very humorous. Miss Iona Lang, a charming vocalist, followed with several serio-comic songs; Miss Marie Gorendo danced "La Zingarella;" James Cummings performed a song and dance, then came the nimble footed Kittie O'Neil in what was aptly termed a lightning jig. Miss Lizzie Gray, after performing some selections on the banjo, sang several songs to the accompaniment which met with great favor from the audience. She was several times recalled. Miss Martha Wren and Mr. James Collins performed an original sketch in which Miss Wren assumed four different characters which were well acted. Several songs were sung by both these artists, which were loudly applauded. Miss Wren's changes of costumes were quick, neat, and she was dressed with taste and correctness. These artists have marked out a line of business hitherto unknown in variety halls in this country, and in which we opine they will meet with success, judging from the favor they everywhere receive and the rapid improvement they have made. Tony Pastor, according to custom, was enthusiastically received, and imperative demands were made by the audience for a number of repetitions, which they were compelled with. An Ethiopian sketch, "Americans Abroad," served to give diversity to the programme. Murray gave his Teutonic warblings, and a contortionist, Mons. Julien by name, practically illustrated the seeming impossible positions that the human form can be made to occupy. The performance concluded with a novelty, Miss Ada Wray's Female Minstrels, in which a Miss Wray was locutor, Johnny Wild assumed the bone end, and Frank Kerns the tambo. The performance was very enjoyable, the witticisms being fresh and the selection of songs pleasing and well sung. The *Anale* was entitled "A Trip to Europe," in which were introduced the songs of many nations. Miss Ada Wray, as Prussia, sang "The Watch on the Rhine;" Miss Gorendo, as France, "La Marseillaise," and Miss Martha Wren, "The Star Spangled Banner," in the chorus of which the entire company and a large portion of the audience joined. The latter act was accompanied by a moving panorama, depicting appropriate scenes. The business of the week was excellent.

"SEE SAW" is the title of a pantomime which was produced at the Bowery Theatre, on Monday evening, Jan. 23d, and has held possession of the boards of that theatre during the entire week. It was composed by Hernandez Foster, and performed by the Hernandez Foster Pantomime Troupe, assisted by several members of the stock company. It is in two acts, the major portion of the first of which is a burlesque, which contains many pungent hits at the follies of the day, and has the merit of being well written. In the first scene are shown several tableaux, among them "Peace" and "War," which were effective in *pose* and coloring. In the pantomime, Hernandez Foster was the clown and evinced great aptitude for that *role*. His face is expressive, and his humor free from coarseness and vulgarity. Frank Foster was the Harlequin, and a very acceptable one, his dancing being excellent, his movements easy and graceful, and his leaps were accomplished with confidence and ease. Joseph M. Sloan was the Pantaloon, and a good one. Miss Nellie Wall was acceptable as Columbine. The pantomime, though brief, is well filled with ingenious tricks and intricate machinery, all of which worked without hindrance. The transformation scenes were exhibited in a light made almost dazzling by three calcium lights ranged across the front of the stage, immediately in the rear of the footlights. That the pantomime has hit the taste of the public of this house is proved by the large attendance, the auditorium having been well filled during the week. A *matinee* performance was given on Saturday, and the pantomime is announced for continued representation. "Michael Erie," with E. T. Stetson in the title *role*, preceded the pantomime during the entire past week.

"RICHELIEU" was the acting all the week at Booth's Theatre, save on the Saturday night when "The Marble Heart" was performed, with Mr. Lawrence Barrett in the character of Raphael.

AT THE GRAND OPERA HOUSE, "La Perichole," with Mlle Aimee in the principal *role*, held the boards during the week past, save on the Saturday *matinee*, when two acts of the "Brigands" and act of the "Grand Duchess" were performed, Montaland and Persini appearing in the former, and Lea Silly appearing in the latter. On Sunday evening, Jan. 29th, Fisk's Ninth Regiment Band gave their fifth grand concert.

THE ATTRACTIVENESS of "Saratoga" continues nowise abated, the auditorium of the Fifth Avenue Theatre being comfortably filled nightly with audiences who enjoy the fun, sparkling dialogue, comical situations, beautiful scenery and the bright and tasteful toilets of the ladies with which this play abounds.

M'LLE ANNETTA GALLETTI, *premier danseuse*, was the only fresh face added to the already strong attractions at the Theatre Comique during the past week. She appeared after a lengthened absence from the New York stage, in the *ballet* of "Crystalinda," in conjunction with M'lle Augusta, the Schrotter Sisters, Carrie Raines, Ida Rivers and others. M'lle Galletti has lost none of the grace and suppleness of limb, which, combined with her artistic method, wonderful agility and brilliant *tours de force*, has given her a high rank in her profession. The remainder of the programme was one of the strongest and most enjoyable which has been produced in New York for a long time. It embraced "Glass Put In," by W. Arlington; a new and original song and dance by Ashcroft and Morton called "When Flowers Blush and Bloom," Emma Alford, who has become a great favorite, in a budget of serio-comic songs; Lew Rattler and W. Arlington in a burlesque upon "Camille;" Hughey Dougherty in one of those burlesque speeches which have rendered his name famous; Arlington and Stewart as "Musical Momus-es;" Blanche and George Leopold in their aerial performances, which display much nerve, precision and skill; Hughey Dougherty and George H. Coes in an act called "Baity Sowers;" Ashcroft and Morton as the *gens d' armes;* and the Lauri Family in the comic *ballet* pantomime of the "Fire Fiend," of the merits of which we have before wr tten.

A NOVELTY in the WAY of a new American bouffe opera, we are told, is shortly to be presented on the stage of the Grand Opera House, this city. The opera is called "Lou-Lou," the words by P. A. de Thier, and the music by Mons. C. Lavallee. The scene is laid in New York, and the plot is local, containing many hits at the topics of the day, and several local songs. The last act takes place in a grand masquerade ball. Besides two principal female *roles*, it requires six other females and two males. It is said that "Lou-Lou" will be a very showy piece.

AT NIBLO'S GARDEN on Monday evening, 23d, not withs'anding the severe storm, the receipts, we should judge, exceeded one thousand dollars, the best proof in the world that the "Black Crook" is not "played out." The business during the balance of the week was good, and we opine the spectacle will have quite a run in despite of the numerous predictions to the contrary made at the time of its production. The Rizarelli Brothers, acrobats and gymnasts, will appear this evening in the third act of the "Crook" in some new feats which are said to be wonderful. In addition, several novel features are to be introduced; a new *ballet*, entitled "The Demons' Revel," Mons. Seigrist and his two talented children, the Sisters Sevilles, who will dance a "Polka d'Eenasse," and the Majiltons and Moe and Goodrich, will continue to appear. These novelties will infuse new life into the spectacle and tend to keep the numbers of the audience up to the desired standard.

THE HOLLAND TESTIMONIAL was continued at the Fourteenth Street Theatre on Wednesday evening, Jan. 25th, when the "Lady of Lyons" was acted with the following c st:—

Claude Melnotte..Charles Fechter	Gaspard.....Milnes Levick
Col Dalmas.....J. H. Stoddart	Pauline.....Miss Carlotta Leclercq
Beauseant.....C. H. Rockwell	Mme. Deschapelles Mrs. J. Sefton
Glavis.....Owen Marlowe	Widow Melnotte..Mrs. Seymour
Deschapelles.....G. B. Holmes	Janet.....Miss Hayden

It was the intention of Mr. Fechter and Miss Leclercq to have acted at the testimonial at the Academy of Music on Saturday, Jan. 21st, but illness prevented. The following telegram, dated Jan. 18th, was sent to Mr. Henry Sedley, of the *Times*, who has rendered very efficient aid to this testimonial:—

Am quite lame. Could play as entire performance on Wednesday, Jan. 25th, and make up for the actual disappointment. If you cannot so manage, I will play—lame as I am—on Saturday, the second act of "Hamlet." But it is really dangerous for me. Miss Leclercq is forbidden to move this week. Telegraph answer, and try to spare me a prolonged illness. CHARLES FECHTER.

In accordance with this request the performance in question was arranged. The present lessees of the Fourteenth Street Theatre tendered the free use of that theatre, whilst all the artists and *attaches* of the house gave their services gratu tously. Every seat in the auditorium was filled, and there were many persons standing. The audience was brilliant, refined and intellectual. There were one or two drawbacks to the performance: the absence of an orchestra through some oversight, and the neglect in commencing to heat the auditorium sufficiently early, but even these were not sufficient, however, to interfere with the enthusiasm of the occasion. Both Mr. Fechter and Miss Leclercq were enthusiastically received upon their first appearance. Mr. Fechter's impersonation of Claude Melnotte is decidedly the best piece of acting he has favored us with. His acting is manly, enthusiastic and full of electrical sympathy. He is the beau ideal of a lover. Miss Leclercq was equally successful as Pauline. The earnest love of a young woman, whose heart has hitherto been unscathed, was admirably delineated, while the air of *hauteur*, with which she clothed the character, was in strict accord with the author's ideas, for the main idea of the play is a struggle of love and pride, as its second title implies. Both these artists were several times recalled, and at the end of the third act so great was the enthusiasm that they appeared thrice before the curtain ere the auditors were satisfied. Mr. Mark Smith's impersonation of Col. Damas was a gem. The noble, bluff, high-toned and honest soldier was portrayed to the life. Mr. Smith was included in the call at the end of the third act, and was enthusiastically applauded. Mr. Marlowe's performance of Glavis was excellent, and Mr. Rockwell, contrary to usual custom, made Beauseant a rather pleas ng sort of a person, which, in truth, he must have been to gain access to such society. Mr. Levick's earnestness in the little part of Gaspard told upon the audience. Mrs. Sefton's impersonation of the *parvenu* Mme Deschapelles, was pleasing and correct, as may be said of the performances of Mr. E. B. Holmes and Mrs. L. E. Seymour. Much credit is due Mr. Fechter and Miss LeClercq for making their reappearance in this city at this time and in such a cause, and equal praise is due every artist that appeared in the cast. Quite a handsome sum was netted, as the receipts at the box office exceeded $2,300. Among the donations which the committee have received we may mention the following:—The first contributor was Dr. Bedford, who sent $10; James W. Wallack, $50; Mayor Hall, $100; Mrs. Fremont, $10; Mr. John Lyon, $2; Mr. Wright Sandford, $20; Mr. J. Stone, $50; Mr. Frothingham, $50; the widow and daughter of the late Dr. J. C. Cheeseman sent $20; Mr. John L. Hall, the burlesque actor, sent $5, with an offer of professional services, and Mr. W. R. Travers paid $100 for a box at the Academy. Mr. "Junkins" (Hall) has sent $25, and Mr. Charles Gayler has contributed $25. The final performance in this city occurred at the Grand Opera House on Saturday afternoon, January 28th, when two acts of the "Brigands" and one act of the "Grand Duchess" were performed. Signor Carlo Patti executed a solo on the violin and Mr. Variet sang an aria by Mercadante. The attendance was quite large, as might have been expected. The programme was weak and little or no effort appeared to have been made to present extraordinary attractions. The manager of the Opera House originally expressed his intention of not giving a performance, but of donating a sum of money equal to the average of what was realized by the Thursday *matinees*. We regret that he changed his mind, not on account of the pecuniary difference, if any, that would be made, but really for the *eclat* of the whole affair. The well-known liberality of the manager will probably prevent any pecuniary deficit in his returns by reason of his so changing his mind. So far as this city is concerned the Holland testimonial is a thing accomplished. As a whole it has been a grand success. Never before in the history of the stage has an event of such magnitude occurred, and, independent of the charitable object in question, the future comfort of the widow and children of a favorite comedian, it may be regarded as an emphatic rebuke from the enlightened and intelligent people of the nineteenth century to those who desire to inflict upon us the bigotry and intolerance of the dark ages. As soon as the returns are made the committee having the affair in charge will shall publish the amount received, and the disposition made thereof. Many benefits will yet be given in the various cities throughout the country. A *matinee* performance was given at Thompson's Opera House, Vicksburg, Miss., on January 19th. Among the performers who took part were Mr. William Carleton, Miss Jennie Carleton, Miss Jennie Mellville, Mr. Frank Hilton, Mr. Charles Wheeler, Mr. C. W. Heuin, Mr. J. C. Rivers, Miss Adelia St. Clair, Messrs. Hurley and Man. Master Frank—"the boneless wonder"—Mr. James Thompson, Mr. William Man, Mr. Joe Hurley, Mr. John Pierce, and others. The *Vicksburg Times and Republican* of January 20th speaks of the entertainment as follows:—

The Holland Testimonial *Matinee* yesterday afternoon was an entire success in every particular, and the auditorium being well filled. * * * Mr. John B. Harris, treasurer for the occasion, reported the receipts as amounting to $707 75. Fifty-nine 25 cent tickets and 113 50 cent tickets were disposed of. Owing to the short notice given of the benefit and the Lee procession yesterday, many of our citizens were prevented from attending, who otherwise would have been present. For these reasons he has kindly tendered to the committee the use of his theatre for another *matinee* to-morrow afternoon, which offer was accepted. This will give all our citizens the opportunity to sustain a worthy object, and at the same time to enjoy a most excellent theatrical performance. The same programme will be re-produced.

Much credit is due Mr. Thompson and all the artists that appeared, not only for their prompt action in the matter, but for their unsolicited aid for a second benefit.

MRS. MINNIE MADIGAN, at No. 4 Bleecker street, on Monday evening, Jan. 23d, presented her husband, Charles E. Madigan, with a fine boy.

AT BRYANTS' MINSTRELS during the past week no change of moment was made in the first part of the programme. In the second part J. W. McAndrews repeated his clever personation of the watermelon-man in "Pastimes on the Levee," which was followed by the "Clodoche Can-can" by Messrs. Reed, Sully, Seymour and Dan Bryant. Little Alf appeared as the baby elephant. Nelse Seymour and Dan Bryant were very comical in a brief sketch entitled "Deaf as a Post." Theodore Jackson and Dave Reed gave humorous displays of courage and fear in a sketch entitled "The Three o'clock Train. Little Mac's comic essence was warmly received as was Tommy Sully's song and dance. An act called "Can You Stand on Your Head" introduced nearly the entire company and was much enjoyed. The "Blue Brigands" continued on the programme. The business of the week, the weather being considered, was good.

MISS LAURA KEENE, whilom a great favorite with the theatrical public of this city, made her re-appearance on Wednesday evening, January 25th, at Lina Edwin's Theatre, in Bouccicalt's play in three acts, entitled "Hunted Down; or the Two Lives of Mary Leigh," which was produced with the following cast:—

Mary Leigh.....Laura Keene	Clara.....Emma Madden
John Leigh.....Frank Mordaunt	Mrs. Bolton Jones..Amelia Harris
Sir Arthur Glengarry..H. Conway	Fannie.....Emma Warren
Count De Winldorf.....J. Wilkes	Maud Leigh.....Minnie Madden
John Smith.....M. Rainford	Willie Leigh....Charlotte Groves
Jeemes Jenkins.....F. Dovey	

by which it will be seen that the entire company was a fresh one. Miss Laura Keene upon her entrance was most enthusiastically received by a large audience, which must have been encouraging to the lady, and which furnished convincing proof that she had not been forgotten. Time has dealt gently with her, and in her stage attire she did not seem a day older than when she last appeared in this city. She gave an artistic and pleasing representation of Mary Leigh, and the play, taken as a whole, was fairly acted. After a few representations it will undoubtedly act more smoothly. As the play, when produced at Wallack's Theatre some time since, was reviewed at length, it needs no further comment at this time. It will be continued for a few nights until further notice.

THE PERFORMANCES at Wallack's Theatre during the past week have consisted of the repetition of favorite pieces as follows:—On Monday the "School for Scandal;" Tuesday and Friday, "Faint Heart Never Won Fair Lady" and "Used Up;" Wednesday, Thursday and Saturday *matinee*, "Ours." Saturday evening "The Poor Gentleman" was announced for the last time this season, which was presented with the following cast:—

Sir Robert Bramble..John Gilbert	Corporal Foss.....M. Lanagan
Frederick Bramble.....G. Clarke	Valet.....J. Peck
Lieut. Worthington.....C. Fisher	Warner.....W. Quigley
Dr. Gilspoch.....J. H. Stoddard	Emily Worthington.....Mrs. Thomas Barry
Sir Charles Crop Landlord.....B. T. Ringgold	Miss Lucretia McTab.....Mrs. John Sefton
Humphrey Dobbin.....J. C. Williamson	

Although the auditorium was not more than half filled, owing to the prevailing snow storm, all was bright and cheerful within, and the performance of the comedy was thoroughly enjoyed. Mr. George Clark appeared to have a correct conception of Frederick Bramble, which he acted with a deal of feeling, and with commendable taste. Mr. J. H. Stoddard's impersonation of Dr. Gilspod, was in every way worthy of his artistic representation. His humor was delivered with pungency, as was its grandiloquence with naturalness. Mr. Lanagan, as Corporal Foss, added much to his reputation by his excellent portrayal of this somewhat difficult character. Mrs. Thomas Barry presented a charming portraiture of Miss Emily Worthington, which was well conceived and acted throughout.

AT THE SAN FRANCISCO MINSTRELS the chief feature of the first part of the programme during the past week was the singing of a new ballad by D. S. Wambold entitled "God Bless the Little Church Around the Corner." The melody was pleasing and the singer's fine tenor voice was heard to great advantage, and at its conclusion there was a burst of applause such as is seldom heard. Every heart seemed touched and the response was heartfelt. Among the novelties of the second part may be mentioned, "If Dad were only Rich," composed and sang by Rollin Howard in an artistic and pleasing manner. "Moving on the first of May," which afforded Billy Birch and Billy Emmett an opportunity to display their comic talents; Billy West in a banjo song, "That's the Reason Why;" Billy Birch and Charley Backus as the Two Buskers, and Johnny Queen in a song and dance, "The Way my Daddy Went." The "Brigands" concluded the performance highly and the attendance of the week was fair.

JAMES MELVILLE, the Australian "bareback" rider, recently purchased a fine grey horse, of the Norman breed, which he has named Oakey Hall.

THE ALI BEN ABDALLAH TROUPE OF BEDOUIN ARABS have attracted a deal of attention at the New York Circus during the past week. Their movements are wonderfully agile, whilst their pyramidical poses are graceful and denote the possession of great strength. Their acrobatic feats, which consist of spinning the body rapidly around and vaulting high in the air, turning somersaults in rapid succession, at times alighting on their hands, at others on their feet, won lavish applause from the spectators. The wonderful sagacity displayed by Mr. Conrad's troupe of trained dogs in the performance of their difficult feats made them the especial pet of the juveniles. The dashing equestrianism of William Dutton and Mlle Rolande deserves creditable mention. Although many changes will be made in the programme the present week the artists will remain the same as during the past week. The Arabs conclude their engagement with the present week. Business excellent, all things considered.

PROFESSOR RUBLEY E. BENNETT, which was announced to take place at the Academy of Music on Saturday evening, Jan. 28th, was postponed on account of the unpropitious state of the weather. Due announcement of its occurrence will be made.

COL. T. A. BROWN, dramatic agent, 643 Broadway, continues to attend to the numerous wants of his patrons and his several advertisements in another column, to which we refer them, and in which he states that Kynock and Smith, roller skaters, Prof. A. Silvester, magician, and Nat. Emmet, with his performing goat, a new arrival from England, can be engaged through him.

AMONG the distinguished artists said to be coming to this city during the approaching summer are Mr. J. L. Toole, comedian; E. A. Sothern; the Yokes Family, who will probably appear in the "Black Crook," and Signor Ernesto Rossi, an eminent Italian actor.

JOHNNY ALLEN, the well known Ethiopian comedian, is about to try the dramatic stage in a white face, and has arranged through Messrs. Cunningham & Dow's dramatic agency, for an original play from the pen of J. McCloskey, for which he has to pay $1,000.

THE LAST SIX NIGHTS and two *matinees* of "Wee Willie Winkie," at the Olympic Theatre, are announced. If it be possible that there are any who have not as yet witnessed George L. Fox's humorous portrayal of the clown, in this pantomime and its manifold attractions, combined with bright scenery, they should pay due heed to this gentle reminder. On Feb. sixth, a burlesque entitled "Richelieu of the Period," with Geo. L. Fox as Richelieu, will be acted for the first time.

EGBERT C. HOWES, who represents Seth B. Howes' interest in the S. B. Howes' Circus and Menagerie, which is to start from this city in the spring, arrived here from Europe, per steamer Russia, on Jan. 27th, and at once proceeded to his residence, at Brewster Station, on the Harlem Railroad.

CUNNINGHAM & DOW, theatrical agents, 626 Broadway, who pub lish several advertisements in another column, are prepared to negotiate time for J. C. Campbell, who will appear at the Bowery Theatre about Feb. 6th, in a new drama by J. J. McCloskey, entitled "Pomp; or, Life in the South."

E. T. STETSON has purchased of Charles Foster the sole right of playing his effective drama entitled "Neck and Neck," which he proposes to play in the various theatres throughout the country. Managers desiring his services can address Cunningham and Dow at the dramatic agency, 626 Broadway.

MESSRS. RIGGS AND FITZGERALD, dramatic agents, are prepared to negotiate engagements for the services of a large number of artists, chief among whom may be mentioned Miss Nellie Shortson, an English vocalist, who has recently arrived in this country; J. C. Thompson, a Shakespearean clown and vocalist; the Wilson Brothers, gymnasts and acrobats, and Miss Millie Turnour, *trapeze* artist.

Dramatic.

MRS. JAMES OATES' COMIC OPERA TROUPE commenced a brief season in Savannah, Ga., on Jan. 23d. Concerning the performances our correspondent "Woods," writing on Jan. 26th, says:—"On Monday evening 'The Fair One with the Blonde Wig' was produced, and when Mrs. Oates appeared as Gracchi, her reception was a perfect ovation. She acted and sang her usual manner and was *encored* in all her songs. Mr. W. H. Crane as Prince Huckabee was excessively funny, and with his good bass voice contributed a good portion of the music. His singing of the 'Old Sexton' was especially deserving of mention. Mr. Charles Drew as Prince Leander, sung and acted the part well. Mr. H. J. Allen appeared as Pantaloon Babelbob, playing it with a good deal of dignity and grace. The other parts were well sustained by the balance of the company. An enjoyable feature was the musical performance of Prof. O'Reardon on the Tumbleronicon. On Tuesday the performance began with the farce of 'Rogueries of Thomas.' Mr. Thorpe as Thomas gave a very amusing performance of the vagaries of a modest 15th Amendment. 'The Prima Donna of a Night' concluded the company's entertainment—Mrs. Oates as Ernestine, a boarding school girl. Last night (Wednesday) 'The Flower Girls of Paris' was produced. To-night (Thursday) 'The King's Secret.'"

AMUSEMENTS IN CHICAGO, ILL., are thus reported by our correspondent, "Justice," writing on Jan. 26th:—"The special attraction at the Globe Theatre the present week is Miss Kate Holland, the Irish soubrette, who appeared for the first time in this city. This lady figured so conspicuously in our late rebellion as a Union spy, that there was a morbid curiosity on the part of our citizens to see her for the first time, and witness her performance on the theatrical boards, that they turned out in large numbers on her opening night. For the display of her talent the play of "Kathleen Mavourneen" was presented, with the star in the character of Shela Chuhman is a lady of great personal attraction, with a faultless form; but we cannot speak very highly of her acting. Terrence O'More was cleverly enacted by J. A. Sawtelle; C. H. Wilson appeared to more than his usual advantage in his rendition of Black Rody; Miss McAllister's Dorothy Cavanagh was very effectively rendered. The other characters were played un formly good. The evening's performance concluded with the extravaganza of the "Two Poits," in which the popular comedian, John Dillon, as Peter Polit. The same bill was repeated on the two succeeding evenings. To-night the "Jolleen Bawn" will be presented with a strong cast. J. B. Fuller, the excellent old man, has been engaged for the season, commencing on Monday next. Little Nell commenced a two weeks' engagement on the 30th inst., appearing in 'Katy Did.' From the above we would state that Messrs. D. R. Allen & Co. are negotiating for the purchase of the ground on which the theatre stands.....At McVicker's Theatre, Mrs. D. P. Bowers still continues to hold sway, and has thus far during her present engagement attracted fair houses. On Monday evening last she appeared in the *role* of Elizabeth, in the historical play of that name, and gave a powerful a personation of Elizabeth as we have ever witnessed. The Earl of Essex is specially adapted to Mr. McCollum's style of acting, and received full justice at his hands. Mrs. Kemble's Lady Sarah Mrs. Jamison's Lady Burleigh and M. F. Bock as Drake were all excellent impersonations. The balance of the cast was not up to the standard. Lenit in her *role* of Ophelia will produced Friday and Saturday evenings. 'The Maid of Mayence' will be presented for the first time in this city on Monday next.....At Aiken's Museum, their old specialty, 'Ticket of Leave Man,' was revived on Monday evening, with Mr. Aiken in his *role* of Robert Brierly. Jem Dalton, by J. C. Padgett, was powerfully played; J. W. Jennings, as Melter Moss, a motley performance;

gagement is limited to seven nights. We are gratified to chronicle the success of Miss Cavender, for she is a modest, clever little artist, and is deserving of all the good things said of her.

T. J. HERNDON'S DRAMATIC COMPANY performed during the week ending Jan. 28th in Gloversville, N. Y.

MR. C. HARRY FRANCK commenced a brief engagement at Dupres and Benedict's Opera House, Philadelphia, on the evening of Jan. 23d, and produced on that occasion a new play, entitled "The Charistan." Mr. J. W. Watson, the author, has evidently had no great experience as a dramatist, but this attempt unmistakably shows much promise for the future. His language is carefully chosen, and many of the situations would have been highly effective had they been worked up with a little more knowledge of stage business; as it is, the play required a larger stage, and to be illustrated by more effective scenery than this theatre possesses, in order to render it a success. Mr. C. Harry Franck, who sustained the character of Cagliostro, gave due effect to the snake-like and picturesque bearing of the smooth-tongued imposter. The support received from the company was but fair, and the attendance was small during the week. Mr. Franck closed on the 28th and this week a dramatic company will represent the drama "Ireland and America."

THEATRICALS IN BALTIMORE, Md., are thus reported by our correspondent, "Don Juan," writing under date of Jan. 27th:—"At the Holliday Street Theatre John S. Clarke entered upon the third and concluding week of his engagement on Monday, Jan. 23d. The new play written for him by Stockton and Brough, and called 'Fox and Goose,' opened the week. The leading characters of Young Gosling, Sir Gander Gosling, his father, Fox Fowler, an adventurer, Major Wandrake, and Rose, the Major's Daughter, were sustained respectively by Clarke, Fortescue, Whiting, Ward and Mrs. Anna Chester, the latter lady being engaged to play the parts of Miss Louise Hawthorne, who is confined to her room with a sprained ankle. 'Fox and Goose' is said to have enjoyed an uninterrupted run of 160 nights in London, Eng. It was produced on Monday and Tuesday evenings, and then withdrawn to give place to Goldsmith's ever popular comedy of 'She Stoops to Conquer,' and the after-piece of 'Waddilove, the Fat School Boy.' In the former Mr. Clarke appeared as Tony Lumpkin, Whiting as Young Marlow, Ward as Mr. Hardcastle, Fortesque as Sir Charles Marlow, Learock as Hastings, Howard as Diggory, Mrs. H. P. Grattan as Mrs. Hardcastle, Mrs. Chester as Miss Hardcastle and Miss Viola Plunkett as Miss Neville. On Thursday, Mr. Clarke, as fighting Bob Acres, in Sheridan's comedy of the 'Rivals' and as Toodles. This (Friday) evening, for the farewell benefit of Mr. Clarke, the 'Rivals' and 'Fox and Goose.' Saturday *matinee* and in the evening, 'The Ticket of Leave Man.' On Monday, 30th, the musical, spectacular novelty called the 'Idle Apprentice,' and first appearance of Lina Edwin, manageress of Lina Edwin's Theatre, New York, and her burlesque company.....At the Front Street Theatre Comique the drama of the 'Lions and Camels of Nubia; or, the Wreck of the Red Sea,' and introducing Miss Minnie Williams, her celebrated performing lion Prince, also camels and pumas, has been the leading attraction at the Front during the week. The drama is replete with thrilling episodes, and the caravans of camels and Arabian merchants crossing the trackless desert, a very striking and novel feature in the performance. Miss Williams displays the wonderful power of her sex over the wild beasts of the jungle, as well as those more gentle creatures termed 'the lords of creation.' Miss Bertha Rupert, star solo *danseuse*, and Mr. Add Weaver, vocalist and comedian, were the other two new faces who have appeared during the week. A new ballet, the 'Flying Scud; or, the Girls of the Maryland Society' has also made a great hit, and the other called 'El Saragossa,' with M'lle Leah as the *premiere*, has met with a similar success. The musical, spectacular novelty of the 'Idle Apprentice' is underlined.

FORRESTER'S DRAMATIC COMPANY closed a brief season at Burlington, Iowa, on Jan. 26th, and is announced to perform in Ottumwa, commencing Feb. 3d, in Oskaloosa for six nights, commencing Feb. 13th, thence to Des Moines for six nights, commencing Feb. 20th.

MISS FANNIE SIMMONS and John E. Lewis, both of N. C. Forrester's Dramatic Company, were united in marriage at Iowa City, Iowa, on Dec. 22d last.

MILTON NOBLES commenced a brief engagement at the theatre in Salt Lake, Utah, on Jan. 16th. On the 26th he played Ludovico in "Evadne," for the benefit of the Salt Lake Exchange and Reading Rooms, and left immediately for Omaha, Neb. The stock company produced the "Lost Ship" on Jan. 28th.

JOHN MURRAY, under the management of E. E. Snow, commenced an engagement of two nights at the Thompson Opera House, Lynn, Mass., on Jan. 26th, in a new play entitled "Treason; or, a Man Without a Country."

THE BOSTON THEATRE COMPANY, with Stuart Robson and Neil Warner as the stars, played at the new Music Hall, Lynn, Mass., on Jan. 27th and 28th—J. B. Booth, manager.

AFFAIRS THEATRICAL IN RICHMOND, Va., are thus written about by our correspondent "J. E. R.," on Jan. 27th:—"After having had nothing for the week our theatrical public has been enlivened by a week of Mr. and Mrs. Harry Watkins. A very fair house greated their first appearance in 'Trodden Down' notwithstanding the inclemency of the wea her. Our theatre goers may be congratulated upon the return of the proprietress, Mrs. E. Magill, who has again resumed the reins of government as manageress. On the 20th of Feb. Lydia Thompson, with her burlesque troupe, make their appearance.

AMUSEMENTS IN SACRAMENTO, Cal., and on the Pacific Slope are written about by our correspondent, "Three Stars," dating on Jan. 20th, as follows:—"The only dramatic performance we have been favored with in this city since my last communication was that given by the Sacramento Amateur Dramatic Association on Saturday, the 14th inst., at the Metropolitan Theatre. The entertainment consisted of Poole's comedy of 'The Follies of a Night' and the farce of 'A Conjugal Lesson,' after which a fine piano valued at $500 was given away to the owner of ticket No. 402, that being the first number drawn from the wheel provided for the purpose. The house was crowded to the fullest capacity, and every seat engaged by noon of the day of performance. The rendition of the characters was praiseworthy.....Nevada Theatrica's are flourishing. In Virginia City. Miss Fanny B. Price still continues the 'star,' supported by Jas. F. Cathcart, Pierpont Thayer, Charles Edmonds and Mrs. E. F. Stewart. The engagement of the lady at Piper's Opera House terminates this week, and on Monday, the 23d inst., she will appear at Carson. "Romeo and Juliet" was performed Tuesday night to a good house, with Miss Price as the heroine. The local papers say that neither Miss Price or Mr. Cathcart as Romeo came up to the standard. Tom Taylor's drama of "Plot and Passion" was given on Wednesday night, and Miss Price as Madame De Fontanges, was very successful.....The other branch of the Proctor company have been doing remarkably well in Carson City. Miss Sue Robinson continues the principal attraction, and the company has been strengthened by the addition of Miss Jennie Mandeville, a very pleasing and painstaking actress. "The Colleen Bawn" and "The Octoroon" were the chief productions of the week, and presented with the same care and attention which ever marks the performance of plays under the Proctor management. The singing of Miss Mandeville and Miss Robinson are especially commended.....C. W. Couldock and daughter concluded a very successful engagement at the Corinne Utah Ter. Theatre last week.....Miss Sallie Hinckley and Geo. W. Thompson were, at last accounts, still in Salt Lake City.....James Cook, clown and circus manager, has entered into partnership wi h F. Bates in Oregon, and was to proceed to Walla Walla, with a variety company and give performances.....Joseph Proctor inaugurates the regular dramatic season of 1871 in this city on the 30th inst. It is expected that Miss Fanny B. Price will be the 'star,' although it is rumored that negotiations are pending with M'lle Morlacchi, the celebrated *danseuse*, and that some spectacular piece will be produced wherein the lady will figure in her specialties.

OF DRAMATIC AFFAIRS in Kansas City, Mo., our correspondent, "Casca", writes under date of January 23d, as follows:—"Mr. Robert McWade's engagement so far has been the most successful, financially and critically, that has ever been played here. He has made a lasting and triumphant hit in the favor of our people that they have twice compelled him to delay his departure, he being re-engaged for another week. 'Rip Van Winkle" was again presented. Thursday and Friday evenings the public schools had a 'hurrah' at the theatre in an allegorical exhibition called the 'Great Republic.' It is managed by Prof. Hagar and his daugher, the accomplished pianiste. On Saturday night Mr. Frank Murdoch, the juvenile man of the company, received a complimentary benefit, which was a marked tribute to his worth and ability. The attendance was good, with 'Ruy Blas' and 'Maid of Munster' as the pieces. Mr. Murdoch was pleasing as Ruy Blas and added fresh laurels to his already well-earned reputation. Miss Alice Gray's Queen was an exquisite performance and dressed in excellent taste. Don Cæsar was properly conceived by Mr. Geo. Gaston. Mr. C. H. Thompson, ever efficient in the leading old men roles, was eminently satisfactory as Count Alba. Mr. Geo. M. Ciprico and Mr. W. J. Gilbert were likewise worthy of mention. Miss Pope very kindly played Charles Paragon, in 'Perfection,' much to the delight of the audience, who warmly greeted his re-appearance after a short rest. Mrs. Murdoch was as pretty as ever as Kate O'Brien. Sam, by Mr. W. H. Everett, kept the house in a continual roar. Miss Ella Mayer was quite good as Susan. To-night, 'Flowers of the Forest.'.....Hon. W. L. Visscher's lecture on the 31st a fine success.....Walnut Street Variety Theatre opens to-night.....J. W. Naylor, the equestrian, is in town.

CHARLEY WILKINSON'S Dramatic Troupe is advertised to perform in Lynn, Mass., Feb. 4th and 6th, when Miss Lillie Wilkinson will produce her new play, entitled "New York by Gaslight."

MR. AND MRS. BARNEY WILLIAMS played at the Bridgeport Opera House, Bridgeport, Conn., on Jan. 27th and 28th.

LANGRISHE'S DRAMATIC COMPANY, the branch under the management of George B. Waldron, were playing in Central City, Col., at our last advices, Jan. 23d. Miss Sallie Hinckley and George W. Thompson were the stars.

THE "DRUMMER BOY OF SHILOH" is announced to be performed under the auspices of the G. A. R. at Thompson's Opera House, Lynn, Mass., for six nights, commencing Feb. 7th.

FROM CINCINNATI our correspondent furnishes theatrical intelligence to Jan. 27th as follows:—"Maggie Mitchell's engagement terminated at Wood's on Saturday evening last with a fine house, and on Monday Edwin Adams opened in 'Enoch Arden' to a good audience, and has continued with success in the same role all the week. Next week Adams produces his new play of 'Honor.' During the following week some of the company are up for benefits, and for two nights the theatre is to be given up to the Knights of Pythias, who are to produce "Damon and Pythias."..... In my account of the Lingard difficulty last week I erred in some respects. It was Mr. Fuller, the Louisville manager, and not E. J. Miles, who was in fault in not having arranged for Mr. Lingard, Mr. Miles having bargained with Mr. Fuller, upon going south, to replace him. J. R. Hawley, who sold the reserved seats, denies that he retained any of the proceeds to cancel a claim against Mr. Miles. He merely paid the bills for printing and advertising and delivered the rest to Mr. Lingard. The latter had done sufficiently well to more than clear expenses, and by leaving so handily lost the best two days in the week, which was not wise."

Mr. EDWIN FORREST, Miss Lillie, Wm. Harris and the Holland Dramatic Company concluded a successful season of five weeks at Wallack's Opera House, Washington, D.C., on Jan. 28th. During the past week Mr. Forrest appeared as Jack Cade twice, Virginius twice and King Lear once. On Thursday afternoon Effie Johns was announced to appear as Panchon in aid of the Holland testimonial fund. This week, commencing Jan. 30th, Joseph Murphy appeared in his new play called "Help."

M'LLE ZOU'S dramatic company opened in York, Pa., on Jan. 26th, where they intended to perform only three nights, but business warranted their continuing six, after which they play in Lewisburg, Pa., for two nights, commencing Feb. 3d, thence to Lockhaven, Warren, Corry, and Titusville.

W. HORACE LINGARD and his dramatic troupe performed in the Opera House, Detroit, Mich., during the week ending Jan. 28th.

R. DONALY OSMER and the Sappho Opera Troupe are announced to commence a brief season in Atlanta, Ga., on Jan. 30th.

J. V. GILBERT is organizing a dramatic company in Atlanta, Ga., which will shortly make a tour of the principal Southern cities.

MRS. ANNIE MITCHELL died in Erie, Pa., Jan. 26th, from the effects of an overdose of morphine, either taken accidentally or with intent to commit suicide. The following particulars of her death and previous life we glean from an article in the *Erie Daily Dispatch* of Jan. 26th:—She arrived in that city on Sunday evening with the Ada Tenman Minstrel Troupe, with whom she had been performing for a little more than one week. On arriving at the Ellsworth House she registered the name of Annie L. Davenport, and, feeling unwell when she retired, she kept her room all day on Monday until the time for her to attend to her professional duties arrived. She occupied her position on the stage during the first part of the programme, and then announced herself as unwell, and remained in the dressing room until nearly 10 o'clock, when she was borne back to the hotel in the arms of one of the same shiftless who left her at the foot of the staircase, as she appeared him she felt able to reach her room, which was on the third floor. With much effort she ascended the first flight, where the clerk of the hotel found her leaning heavily on the balustrade for support. He escorted her to her room. On the following morning she chambermaid found her somewhat worse. Toward noon she began shaking rapidly, and at 1 o'clock had passed into a stupor from which she could only be imperfectly aroused. A physician was then summoned, who pronounced her case that of poisoning from an overdose of morphine. Strong coffee and brandy were at once administered, and every means taken to stimulate the ebbing current of life. The ladies of the house volunteered their services, watched by her through the remainder of the day, during the night, and until the hour of her death, which occurred at nine o'clock Wednesday morning, all that skill and kindness could suggest was done by her without avail. A coroner's inquest was held the same day, and rendered a verdict of accidental death from an overdose of morphine. As the mistrel troupe had to leave the city at once to fulfill other engagements, it is but just to say that Mr. Whitaker left a sum of money sufficient to pay his board and transport her to the company when recovered. From letters found in her portfolio the following facts concerning her early life were gleaned:—It appears that she first appeared on the stage of Boston Museum, in the fall of 1864, in the play of 'Little Barefoot.' Among the letters were two or three written by her aunt, Mrs. Mary L. Wilder, in the fall of 1867, and postmarked Waitsefield, Vt. One of these contains an account of the return of her father from Australia, wither he had gone some years before in search of wealth. It recounts his grief over the departure from home of his daughter and his determination to reclaim her, and closes with the assurance that he loves her still. There are letters from other relatives in Vermont, all of them containing the warmest expressions of affection. Her father visited a number of places in search of his child, but the letters afford no evidence that the two ever met. He finally settled at Osborn, Mo. Mention is also made of the girl's mother, who was at one time living at Randolph, Vt., but apart from her husband. From these letters we glean the information that the dead girl's maiden name was Annie L. Wilder, and this name she retained during the first months of her stay in Boston, and it was not until her appearance upon the stage that it was changed to Annie L. Davenport. Under this name she was married in Boston, Mass., on the 14th of Jan., 1867, to Geo. J. Misch, an actor, by the Rev. Phineas Stowe, pastor of the First Baptist Mariner's Church. For some reason her husband afterwards assumed the name of Geo. W. Mitchell, which he now retains. For some years they were attached to varous traveling dramatic companies, during which time their life was happy, which finally culminated in a separation and a threat of divorce by the husband. They secured engagements in different companies, the wife playing at one time with the Lydia Thompson Troupe. Her letters were a mild of more than ordinary nativity and cultivation. Some of them contain expressions of great beauty and the language is choice and grammatical. Since the separation from her husband her life seems to have been one of trials and disappointments. In a letter to her mother she writes bitterly of her troubles, and says that life has become a burden. She pleads piteously "for but one word of love and sympathy," and intimates that, failing to obtain this, she may put an end to her existence. Whether the sad occurrence of the 26th may be considered the culmination of the purpose thus disclosed may be a question, but it is certain that her life had become a very unhappy one. Information in law was telegraphed to yesterday in New York city, with reference to the disposition of the body, and a reply was received requesting that she be buried here, as her friends were too poor to defray the expenses of transporting the remains to New York. The funeral services were accordingly held in the Ellsworth House parlors, Thursday, the 26th, at 10 o'clock, A. M.

AMUSEMENTS IN PITTSBURGH, Pa., are thus written about by our correspondent, "J. E. H.," on Jan. 27th:—"The opening performance at the Fifth Avenue Opera House, under Mr. Beamer's management, was given on the 23d inst. The Chapman Sisters' burlesque troupe; J. H. Milburn, character vocalist; and Cooper and Fields, clog dancers, were the principal attractions. There was a very large audience present, all the available room being occupied. The entertainment commenced with 'Martha,' or 'My Precious Betsy,' Mr. Bishop playing Bobtail superbly. On the conclusion of the farce Mr. J. H. Milburn made his first appearance in this city and was the recipient of a warm welcome. Cooper and Fields were twice *encored*. The burlesque of 'Aladdin, the Wonderful Scamp,' concluded the performance, the Chapman Sisters and Mr. Bishop taking the principal roles and acquitting themselves to the satisfaction of all. Mr. Bishop proved himself an excellent comedian. 'Your Life's in Danger' and the burlesque of 'Cinderella' comprised the bill on the 24th, Bishop playing capitally John Strong and Clorinda. 'Young America' and the operatic burlesque of 'Fra Diavolo' were given on the 25th. Both Ella and Blanche Chapman did full justice to the characters of Zerlina and Fra Diavolo. 'Much Ado About a Merchant of Venice' was presented on the 26th, and on the 27th 'Kenilworth' will be given for the benefit of the Chapman Sisters. Business has been generally good all the week. The Chapman Sisters remain next week and will be succeeded by the Lingard Combination on Feb. 6th.....The new theatre has been christened the Pittsburgh Opera House and will be opened on the 30th, with Miss Le Clercq as the star attractions. A large number of seats have already been sold. 'Ruy Blas' will constitute the bill on the opening night. Mr. Charles Le Clercq and Mr. Frank Roche will support Mr. Fechter during his engagement here."

JOHN E. MCDONOUGH has received direct from the authors in London, Eng., accurate copies of the "Mistletoe Bough" and "Gil Blas," with full description of costumes, scenery, etc. The former is now enjoying a successful run at the Adelphi Theatre and the latter at the Princess in London, Eng. Parties desiring to arrange for their production will find his address in another column.

DAVIS & CO., theatrical agents, Cincinnati, O., advertise for a number of ladies for a traveling combination.

THE PARK THEATRE, Brooklyn, L. I., has been well attended during the past week, the second week of Mr. Owen's engagement proving very profitable. This week Mr. Brougham commences an engagement, he having obtained temporary leave of absence from Wallack's Theatre. He opened at the Park in his own play of "The Lottery of Life" on Jan. 30th. The cast of the drama embraces Lamb, Chippendale, Mrs. Bates, Miss Lewelyn and Miss Reeves; Messrs. Ferguson and Mackay are also in the cast, their recent difficulty having been amicably settled. There is to be a Brougham *matinee* on Saturday. The drama of "The Red Light" is in rehearsal.

AFFAIRS THEATRICAL in Albany, N. Y., are reported as follows by our correspondent, "Mercutio," writing on Jan. 28th:—"The theatres have not been very well attended this past week. Sleigh rides, balls, parties, lectures, etc., have hurt the theatrical business greatly. 'At Last; or, Schultz & Co.,' was placed on the stage at the Trimble Opera House on the 23d to a fair house. Mr. Florence as Wilhelm Schultz, was somewhat faulty in his dialect and business. Mrs. Florence's make-up and acting was very good. Messrs. Keeble, Street, Knapp, Webster and Crosbie did well in their respective parts. The same bill was repeated on the 24th. For a *matinee* on the 25th, 'Still Waters Run Deep,' with Walter Keeble as John Mildmay, W. L. Street as Capt. Hawksley, C. Loveday as Mr. Potter, Miss Rand as Mrs. Mildmay, Mrs. Rynar as Mrs. Sternhold. Mr. Keeble's Mildmay was a careful and conscientious performance of that part. In the evening 'Dombey & Son' was given. Mr. Florence's make-up and acting of Capt. Cuttle was excellent. Miss Rand as Edith Granger, and Miss Clifford as Susan Nipper, appeared particularly happy in their *roles*. Miss Maggie Parker appeared as Florence Dombey, and it is with pleasure we note a decided improvement in her acting. Mr. Loveday's Major Joe Bagstock was but fair. Mr. Street's make up for Dombey was not good. The performance concluded with the 'Yankee Housekeeper,' with Mrs. Florence as Peg Ann Mehitable Higgenduter, and Mr. Florence as Barney O'Connor. On Thursday evening, the 26th, the grand affair of the week took place, it being a grand complimentary benefit tendered to Mr. and Mrs. W. J. Florence. The evening's entertainment commenced with 'Irish Assurance and Yankee Modesty.' Mrs. Florence as Nancy sang 'My Johnny was a Shoemaker' and 'Down in Maine.' Mr. Florence as Pat was very comical. They were ably assisted by Messrs. Webster, Knapp and Crosbie, and Miss Parker and Mrs. Ryner. This was followed by a recitation in the German dialect, of a parody on "Sheridan's Ride" by 'Oofty Goof,' Mr. Gus Phillips, which was deservedly *encored*. Mr. P. then gave a parody on 'Excelsior' entitled 'Shoo Fly. The performance concluded with 'Thrice Married, in' which Mrs. Florence appeared in four distinct characters, and during the piece sang in Spanish, French, German and English; also danced a Spanish fandango. Mr. Florence was the Vivian Ripple. During the evening Mr. F. was called before the curtain, and responded in a few neat remarks; he also paid a handsome compliment to Manager Barnes. 'Inshavogue' composed the bill on the 27th. 'Ticket-of-Leave Man' was given for a *matinee* this afternoon. 'Ireland As It Was' and 'Yankee Housekeeper' closed the engagement of the Florences. On Monday, the 30th, Mlle. Januschek opens at this house in 'Deborah,' in rehearsal 'Sea of Ice," for *matinees*, etc.....Mrs. F. W. Lander and J. H. Taylor opened at the Academy of Music on the 23d in 'Elizabeth." In spite of the inclement weather a very fair audience greeted them. The cast, with one or two exceptions, remained the same as their last engagement. 'Elizabeth' was withdrawn on the 25th, and 'Marie Antoinette' substituted. Mrs. Lander's conception of the part of the unfortunate Queen differs in many respects from any other yet presented in this city. It was in every way an excellent piece of acting. Mr. Taylor was to have been the Louis Sixteenth, but being called away by the death of his sister, Mr. J. H. Lattie assumed the part. Mr. Lattie's part was decidedly the best piece of acting he ever did in this city. Mr. F. Lawlor did well as Marquis De La Fayette. Mr. Wilder appeared as Duke De Louisanne. Miss Lizzie Campbell was very good as Princess Lamballe. Miss Osborne appeared as Elizabeth, Miss Brooks as the Princess, Miss Gracie Klernan as the Dauphin. 'Marie Antoinette' was repeated on the 26th, 27th, and for a *matinee* this afternoon, the 28th. Mrs. Lander's benefit, on the 27th, was well attended. This evening the 'Lady of Lyons' was presented, when Mrs. Lander, as Pauline, gave another fine piece of acting. Frank Lawlor as Claude Melnotte gave a praiseworthy performance of that character. On the 30th Mr. E. T. Stetson opens at this house as Walter Wilmarth, in Foster's new drama of 'Neck and Neck.' Walter Montgomery is engaged and will soon appear at this house."

MR. AND MRS. COULDOCK were playing at the theatre in Denver, Col., on Jan. 21st.

Musical.

THE ADELAIDE PHILIPS CONCERTS, in New Orleans, the second and third of the series, and the *matinee* on the 17th and 18th ult., were even better attended than her first. The programme on each occasion was large and varied, and the selections both vocal and instrumental, given in such a perfect style as to earn enthusiastic applause, especially Miss Philips' "Laughing Song," on the 17th, when in response to an *encore* she gave that beautiful Irish air "Cathleen Mavourneen," in a style never before equalled in this city. On the same evening, Mr. Levi played an arrangement of the "Carnival of Venice" on his cornet in a style that fairly startled his listeners, after which he gave that exquisite air, "The Heart Bowed Down," from the "Bohemian Girl." After a short rest in New Orleans, the troupe proceeded to Mobile, where they appeared on the 24th ult.....Mermet's Popular Historic Opera, "Roland a Roncevraux," Flotow's melodious production, "Martha," Adazas' clever light opera, "Si Peres Roi," and "Le Postillion de Lonjumeaux," and Rossini's masterpiece, "Le Barbier de Seville," were all produced during the week ending January 23d, at the French Opera House, New Orleans, La. The attendance was large, and the artists were in excellent voice, especially M'me Nadeli, the light soprano, whose acting of the different characters Nemea in "La Petare Rol," Saida in "Roland," Lady Henrietta in "Martha," and, last but not the least, Rosina in the "Barbier," have stamped her as an artiste of unusual merit. The light tenor is no less worthy of praise, especially so in the somewhat difficult *role* of Count Almavina, where his fresh tones and remarkable strength and tension of voice, won for him the hearty applause of a somewhat critical parquet. The baritone, Mr. Lambaldie, was unusually grand as the treacherous Count Gabelina, in "Roland," but his main success during the week was the vivacious Figaro. Mr. Cazeaux as Roland was good, especially so in the musical requirements of that character. The basso, Mr. Castlemary, was very happy as an actor in "Martha," and his voice was heard to a great advantage in the several other productions, as also was M'me Domestre and Messrs. Thery and Perie, in latter making a decided success as the Emir, in "Roland," and Don Basilio, in the "Barbier." On Sunday evening, "La Postillion" was produced for the first time this season, and was charmingly rendered by Mr. De Kaghel as the Postillion, and M'me Domestre as Madeleine, with Messrs. Dubois, Benedict, Wesme and M'me Desnery, in the other amusing roles. A comic ballet by Mr. Van Hamme, entitled "Marco Bombe, or the Conscripts," was finely rendered by the combined ballet and comedians of the company. The sensation of the coming week will be the debut of Mr. Lafranc, the well known tenor, who has selected the trying role of Arnold, in "William Tell," as his first character. He writes our New Orleans correspondent, under date of Jan. 23d,

ARTHUR FRANKLIN, an amateur tenor, advertises for an engagement.

MISS CLARA LOUISE KELLOGG, assisted by Signor Veroni and Randoli, vocalists, and James M. Webb, pianist, gave two concerts in the New Masonic Temple, Baltimore, Md., Jan. 26th and 28th.

THE GRAND ENGLISH OPERA COMBINATION is announced to commence a second brief season at the Concordia Opera House, Baltimore, Md., on Feb. 13th.

MLLE. SCHNELLER had recently appeared in two concerts in Kansas City, Mo., for the benefit of the wounded soldiers of Germany, and is announced to sing at another at the Opera House shortly, for the same benevolent purpose. The house volunteered their services, watched by her through the remainder of the day, during the night, and until the hour of her death, which occurred at nine o'clock Wednesday morning, all that skill and kindness could suggest was done by her without avail. A coroner's inquest was held the same day, and rendered a verdict of accidental death from an overdose of morphine. As the mistrel troupe had to leave the city at once to fulfill other engagements, it is but just to say that Mr. Whitaker left a sum of money sufficient to pay his board and transport her to the company when recovered. From letters found in her portfolio the following facts concerning her early life were gleaned:—It appears that she first appeared on the stage of Boston Museum, in the fall of 1864, in the play of 'Little Barefoot." Among the letters were two or three written by her aunt, Mrs. Mary L. Wilder, in the fall of 1867, and postmarked Waitsefield, Vt. One of these contains an account of the return of her father from Australia, wither he had gone some years before in search of wealth. It recounts his grief over the departure from home of his daughter and his determination to reclaim her, and closes with the assurance that he loves her still. There are letters from other relatives in Vermont, all of them containing the warmest expressions of affection. Her father visited a number of places in search of his child, but the letters afford no evidence that the two ever met. He finally settled at Osborn, Mo. Mention is also made of the girl's mother, who was at one time living at Randolph, Vt., but apart from her husband. From these letters we glean the information that the dead girl's maiden name was Annie L. Wilder, and this name she retained during the first months of her stay in Boston, and it was not until her appearance upon the stage that it was changed to Annie L. Davenport. Under this name she was married in Boston, Mass., on the 14th of Jan., 1867, to Geo. J. Misch, an actor, by the Rev. Phineas Stowe, pastor of the First Baptist Mariner's Church. For some reason her husband afterwards assumed the name of Geo. W. Mitchell, which he now retains. For some years they were attached to varous traveling dramatic companies, during which time their life was happy, which finally culminated in a separation and a threat of divorce by the husband. They secured engagements in different companies, the wife playing at one time with the Lydia Thompson Troupe. Her letters were a mild of more than ordinary nativity and cultivation. Some of them contain expressions of great beauty and the language is choice and grammatical. Since the separation from her husband her life seems to have been one of trials and disappointments. In a letter to her mother she writes bitterly of her troubles, and says that life has become a burden. She pleads piteously "for but one word of love and sympathy," and intimates that, failing to obtain this, she may put an end to her existence. Whether the sad occurrence of the 26th may be considered the culmination of the purpose thus disclosed may be a question, but it is certain that her life had become a very unhappy one. Information in law was telegraphed to yesterday in New York city, with reference to the disposition of the body, and a reply was received requesting that she be buried here, as her friends were too poor to defray the expenses of transporting the remains to New York. The funeral services were accordingly held in the Ellsworth House parlors, Thursday, the 26th, at 10 o'clock, A. M.

AMUSEMENTS IN PITTSBURGH, Pa., are thus written about by our correspondent, "J. E. H.," on Jan. 27th:—"The opening performance at the Fifth Avenue Opera House, under Mr. Beamer's management, was given on the 23d inst. The Chapman Sisters' burlesque troupe; J. H. Milburn, character vocalist; and Cooper and Fields, clog dancers, were the principal attractions. There was a very large audience present, all the available room being occupied. The entertainment commenced with 'Martha,' or 'My Precious Betsy,' Mr. Bishop playing Bobtail superbly. On the conclusion of the farce Mr. J. H. Milburn made his first appearance in this city and was the recipient of a warm welcome. Cooper and Fields were twice *encored*. The burlesque of 'Aladdin, the Wonderful Scamp,' concluded the performance, the Chapman Sisters and Mr. Bishop taking the principal roles and acquitting themselves to the satisfaction of all. Mr. Bishop proved himself an excellent comedian. 'Your Life's in Danger' and the burlesque of 'Cinderella' comprised the bill on the 24th, Bishop playing capitally John Strong and Clorinda. 'Young America' and the operatic burlesque of 'Fra Diavolo' were given on the 25th. Both Ella and Blanche Chapman did full justice to the characters of Zerlina and Fra Diavolo. 'Much Ado About a Merchant of Venice' was presented on the 26th, and on the 27th 'Kenilworth' will be given for the benefit of the Chapman Sisters. Business has been generally good all the week. The Chapman Sisters remain next week and will be succeeded by the Lingard Combination on Feb. 6th.....The new theatre has been christened the Pittsburgh Opera House and will be opened on the 30th, with Miss Le Clercq as the star attractions. A large number of seats have already been sold. 'Ruy Blas' will constitute the bill on the opening night. Mr. Charles Le Clercq and Mr. Frank Roche will support Mr. Fechter during his engagement here."

JOHN E. MCDONOUGH has received direct from the authors in London, Eng., accurate copies of the "Mistletoe Bough" and "Gil Blas," with full description of costumes, scenery, etc. The former is now enjoying a successful run at the Adelphi Theatre and the latter at the Princess in London, Eng. Parties desiring to arrange for their production will find his address in another column.

DAVIS & CO., theatrical agents, Cincinnati, O., advertise for a number of ladies for a traveling combination.

THE PARK THEATRE, Brooklyn, L. I., has been well attended during the past week, the second week of Mr. Owen's engagement proving very profitable. This week Mr. Brougham commences an engagement, he having obtained temporary leave of absence from Wallack's Theatre. He opened at the Park in his own play of "The Lottery of Life" on Jan. 30th. The cast of the drama embraces Lamb, Chippendale, Mrs. Bates, Miss Lewelyn and Miss Reeves; Messrs. Ferguson and Mackay are also in the cast, their recent difficulty having been amicably settled. There is to be a Brougham *matinee* on Saturday. The drama of "The Red Light" is in rehearsal.

AFFAIRS THEATRICAL in Albany, N. Y., are reported as follows by our correspondent, "Mercutio," writing on Jan. 28th:—"The theatres have not been very well attended this past week. Sleigh rides, balls, parties, lectures, etc., have hurt the theatrical business greatly. 'At Last; or, Schultz & Co.,' was placed on the stage at the Trimble Opera House on the 23d to a fair house. Mr. Florence as Wilhelm Schultz, was somewhat faulty in his dialect and business. Mrs. Florence's make-up and acting was very good. Messrs. Keeble, Street, Knapp, Webster and Crosbie did well in their respective parts. The same bill was repeated on the 24th. For a *matinee* on the 25th, 'Still Waters Run Deep,' with Walter Keeble as John Mildmay, W. L. Street as Capt. Hawksley, C. Loveday as Mr. Potter, Miss Rand as Mrs. Mildmay, Mrs. Rynar as Mrs. Sternhold. Mr. Keeble's Mildmay was a careful and conscientious performance of that part. In the evening 'Dombey & Son' was given. Mr. Florence's make-up and acting of Capt. Cuttle was excellent. Miss Rand as Edith Granger, and Miss Clifford as Susan Nipper, appeared particularly happy in their *roles*. Miss Maggie Parker appeared as Florence Dombey, and it is with pleasure we note a decided improvement in her acting. Mr. Loveday's Major Joe Bagstock was but fair. Mr. Street's make up for Dombey was not good. The performance concluded with the 'Yankee Housekeeper,' with Mrs. Florence as Peg Ann Mehitable Higgenduter, and Mr. Florence as Barney O'Connor. On Thursday evening, the 26th, the grand affair of the week took place, it being a grand complimentary benefit tendered to Mr. and Mrs. W. J. Florence. The evening's entertainment commenced with 'Irish Assurance and Yankee Modesty.' Mrs. Florence as Nancy sang 'My Johnny was a Shoemaker' and 'Down in Maine.' Mr. Florence as Pat was very comical. They were ably assisted by Messrs. Webster, Knapp and Crosbie, and Miss Parker and Mrs. Ryner. This was followed by a recitation in the German dialect, of a parody on "Sheridan's Ride" by 'Oofty Goof,' Mr. Gus Phillips, which was deservedly *encored*. Mr. P. then gave a parody on 'Excelsior' entitled 'Shoo Fly. The performance concluded with 'Thrice Married, in' which Mrs. Florence appeared in four distinct characters, and during the piece sang in Spanish, French, German and English; also danced a Spanish fandango. Mr. Florence was the Vivian Ripple. During the evening Mr. F. was called before the curtain, and responded in a few neat remarks; he also paid a handsome compliment to Manager Barnes. 'Inshavogue' composed the bill on the 27th. 'Ticket-of-Leave Man' was given for a *matinee* this afternoon. 'Ireland As It Was' and 'Yankee Housekeeper' closed the engagement of the Florences. On Monday, the 30th, Mlle. Januschek opens at this house in 'Deborah,' in rehearsal 'Sea of Ice," for *matinees*, etc.....Mrs. F. W. Lander and J. H. Taylor opened at the Academy of Music on the 23d in 'Elizabeth." In spite of the inclement weather a very fair audience greeted them. The cast, with one or two exceptions, remained the same as their last engagement. 'Elizabeth' was withdrawn on the 25th, and 'Marie Antoinette' substituted. Mrs. Lander's conception of the part of the unfortunate Queen differs in many respects from any other yet presented in this city. It was in every way an excellent piece of acting. Mr. Taylor was to have been the Louis Sixteenth, but being called away by the death of his sister, Mr. J. H. Lattie assumed the part. Mr. Lattie's part was decidedly the best piece of acting he ever did in this city. Mr. F. Lawlor did well as Marquis De La Fayette. Mr. Wilder appeared as Duke De Louisanne. Miss Lizzie Campbell was very good as Princess Lamballe. Miss Osborne appeared as Elizabeth, Miss Brooks as the Princess, Miss Gracie Klernan as the Dauphin. 'Marie Antoinette' was repeated on the 26th, 27th, and for a *matinee* this afternoon, the 28th. Mrs. Lander's benefit, on the 27th, was well attended. This evening the 'Lady of Lyons' was presented, when Mrs. Lander, as Pauline, gave another fine piece of acting. Frank Lawlor as Claude Melnotte gave a praiseworthy performance of that character. On the 30th Mr. E. T. Stetson opens at this house as Walter Wilmarth, in Foster's new drama of 'Neck and Neck.' Walter Montgomery is engaged and will soon appear at this house."

MR. AND MRS. COULDOCK were playing at the theatre in Denver, Col., on Jan. 21st.

Musical.

THE ADELAIDE PHILIPS CONCERTS, in New Orleans, the second and third of the series, and the *matinee* on the 17th and 18th ult., were even better attended than her first. The programme on each occasion was large and varied, and the selections both vocal and instrumental, given in such a perfect style as to earn enthusiastic applause, especially Miss Philips' "Laughing Song," on the 17th, when in response to an *encore* she gave that beautiful Irish air "Cathleen Mavourneen," in a style never before equalled in this city. On the same evening, Mr. Levi played an arrangement of the "Carnival of Venice" on his cornet in a style that fairly startled his listeners, after which he gave that exquisite air, "The Heart Bowed Down," from the "Bohemian Girl." After a short rest in New Orleans, the troupe proceeded to Mobile, where they appeared on the 24th ult.....Mermet's Popular Historic Opera, "Roland a Roncevraux," Flotow's melodious production, "Martha," Adazas' clever light opera, "Si Peres Roi," and "Le Postillion de Lonjumeaux," and Rossini's masterpiece, "Le Barbier de Seville," were all produced during the week ending January 23d, at the French Opera House, New Orleans, La. The attendance was large, and the artists were in excellent voice, especially M'me Nadeli, the light soprano, whose acting of the different characters Nemea in "La Petare Rol," Saida in "Roland,"

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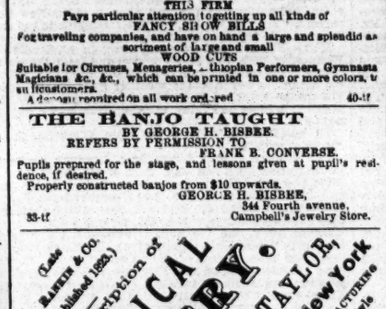

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